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THE PILING

-OF-

TOPHET

A LUNATIC'S PROBLEM

FOR THE WORLD TO SOLVE.

"For Tophet is ordained of old; yea, for the king it is prepared: he hath made it deep and large: the pile thereof is fire and much wood; the breath of the Lord, like a stream of brimstone, doth kindle it."—*Isaiah, xxx., 33.*

BY JOHN T. FOWLER,

Patient in the Hudson River State Hospital,
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

New York:
HENRY T. CORNETT, PRINTER, 8 SPRUCE STREET.

1879.



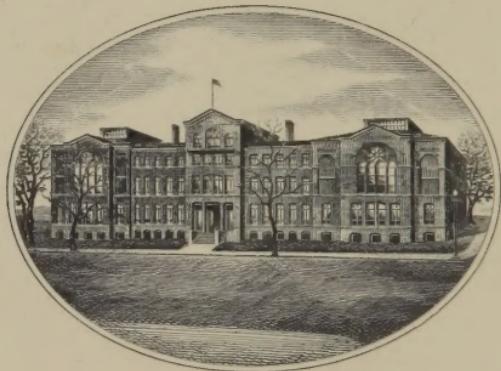
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THE
PILING OF TOPHET
AND THE
TRESPASS-OFFERING;
A
TRUE LIFE-HISTORY.

"For Tophet is ordained of old ; yea, for the king it is prepared : he hath made it deep and large : the pile thereof is fire and much wood ; the breath of the Lord, like a stream of brimstone, doth kindle it."—*Isaiah*, xxx., 33.

"And if the whole congregation of Israel sin through ignorance, and the thing be hid from the eyes of the assembly, and they have done somewhat against any of the commandments of the Lord concerning things which should not be done, and are guilty:

When the sin, which they have sinned against it, is known, then the congregation shall offer a young bullock for the sin, and bring him before the tabernacle of the congregation.

* * * * * * * * *
And the priest shall make atonement for them, and it shall be forgiven them."—*Leviticus*, iv., 13-20.

BY JOHN T. FOWLER,

Patient in the Hudson River State Hospital for the Insane.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

Written in the latter half of the year 1878, and the spring of 1879.



NEW YORK:

HENRY T. CORNETT, PRINTER AND STATIONER, 8 SPRUCE STREET.

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DEDICATION.

TO

SINNERS,

WHO, IN EVERY SIN AGAINST THEIR NEIGHBOR, BY WORD OR MANNER
OR RESPONSIVE FEELING, HAVE FROM THE FOUNDATION
OF THE WORLD BEEN LAYING THEIR OWN SHARE
OF STICKS ON THIS UNLIGHTED PILE,

AND TO

Saints,

WHOSE ACTS, TOWARDS THEIR GOD AND TOWARDS THE WORLD, HAVE
BEEN BUT AN INSTINCTIVE PRELUDE TO THIS SUPREME
SACRIFICE, IN THE NAME OF

NATURE

AND ITS UNFAILING LAWS, AND OF

ITS FOUNDER

AND HIS ETERNAL KINGDOM, THIS BOOK IS WORSHIPFULLY

DEDICATED.



387029

P R E F A C E .

This work is given to the public as a lunatic's defense of his position. Every effort I have made hitherto to come to an understanding with my fellow-men, on things which I see to proceed from them, and which give my life its whole shape, has drawn out nothing more than blank denials of all knowledge of the things I spoke of. Now it is impossible for me to reduce my thought to the bounds which others have been willing to concede. The object of this little autobiography is to show the form and consistency of the thought that is in my mind.

I present my evidence to the tribunals of last resort—the public and the press—and ask them to try the case and render their verdict. Have I a right to my thought, or have I not? If not, where am I deceived? If I have, why is not mine the *true* thought for all men?

It will be seen that there is not perfect unity of plan throughout. I have judged it preferable to leave the marks of the successive stages in writing it, as they indicate some facts that may be of interest. The paragraphs in brackets are mostly after-thoughts, and are thus separated to leave apparent the original connection.

I trust that none will object to the candor of the personal confessions herein contained as uncalled for. Let it be remembered that these things *might* have been brought to light in a trial for murder. The trial which I would institute is more than that. It includes that, as to the sinner—but there is another party before the bar, and the decision in that case is not of less importance to the world.

J. T. F.

Poughkeepsie, January, 1879.

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INTRODUCTION.

I begin to write on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord, otherwise the year of the Christian era, one thousand, eight hundred and seventy-eight. The time is about the middle of the afternoon; place, the sunny side of the ice-house of the Poughkeepsie Asylum, otherwise entitled the Hudson River State Hospital. The ice-house is situated at a considerable distance from the asylum, in a retired spot away from all thoroughfares, so that I am in little danger of being disturbed. It was built just there in order to be convenient to the reservoir from which the ice is taken to fill it.

I find it very pleasant in this sheltered, sun-loved spot. My surroundings are not very picturesque. On one side of me, as I sit against the rough boarded side of the building, is a large pile of sawdust, cast forth in order to leave the sanctum sanctorum of Jack Frost's temple swept and garnished, and in readiness to receive its accustomed yearly store of the imprisoned spirit of coolness, when the mighty ice-god shall have deigned to make his power felt upon the limpid contents of the reservoir. In front of me, and at my feet, lie rough boards in disordered heaps. The country round about is wooded, but I am near enough to human habitations to hear the voices of children playing as I write.

A person is supposed to have a reason for what he does, and I might consider it incumbent on me to tell the motives which actuate me in thus entering upon the work of the scribe under circumstances so peculiar. Is there anything that I have to tell that might not as well and more safely be left untold? It is a question which I do not have to consider and decide to-day; for I have been long inspired with the conviction, the consciousness, that I *have* something to tell that it would be worth the world's while to hear. It remains to be tested whether I can tell it worthily. In beginning this I write *to tell*, not as an exercise for any purpose of my own, though it cannot, any more than any of the others of a man's acts and experiences, fail to have its effect on my mental life.

I have found that the great incitement needed, in order to give interest to the work of putting thoughts into writing, is to have a definite person in view whom you desire to inform. Now for a year past I have been in correspondence with a friend who, I was certain, would read my letters

with the interest inspired by benevolent feelings and true good wishes toward the writer ; and it is almost surprising to me, the buoyant alacrity, the hearty relish, with which I have approached the task of inditing each new missive, when the time arrived for me to discharge my part in our reciprocal interchange of the outpourings of our minds.

But whom am I to address my writing to, in beginning in this manner to write in a cipher which the world in general cannot yet read, and intending, as I do, to keep what is written hidden for the present from the eyes of all ? I will take for my assumed reader not an individual, but a character. I will address my words to an intelligence which I call up before my mind's eye while I write. I will address that intelligence in the second person. I will assume him to be an unwearying listener, entirely unacquainted with me and my fortunes, except what I tell him here, and, above all things, a single-minded *lover of truth*. A lover of profound thoughts and literary perfection I will *not* suppose you to be, though, my truth-loving friend, for if you were, you would have to apply to another caterer.

The sun is near the western rim of the sky; he is already partly intercepted from my sight by the trees in the level swampy grounds in that direction, and it is beginning to be too cold for me to stay out much longer. So I will stop here for to-day, and call this effort merely an inaugurator taking of the auspices. What may come of it, if nothing prevents my continuing it, who shall say ? I have things to tell, and as I have taken a simple reader to tell them to—like the writer—I may be able to tell them in my simple way.

The Second. I did not tell you yesterday that I am a patient in the asylum here. I am to take it for granted at the outset that my prospective reader knows nothing of my character, condition or circumstances beyond what I tell him. I am here as an insane patient. I have been here over five years. I have the privilege of walking out alone for air and exercise, and that is how it happened that I was where I was yesterday afternoon. It is no uncommon thing for steady patients to be allowed this privilege. There are several here now, besides myself, who enjoy it.

Being an insane man, it will be nothing unexpected that I should, in giving these reports of my fortunes, narrate incidents and particulars partaking more or less of the marvelous and preternatural. I am not only a lunatic, but one of the class of lunatics having a controversy with the world in general ; in other words, possessed with a monomania, or crazy one-sidedly, or on a single subject.

I will relate a few incidents to show the nature of the disagreeable state of obfuscation I am in. Yesterday noon I went into the sitting-room for the purpose of setting my watch by a noon-mark I had made a few days before. I had been in my room all the morning, most of the time engaged

in reading. I do not mean to say that there had been nothing of the same kind going on during the earlier part of the forenoon—quite otherwise; for I think I may say I am *never* free from it when I am where I can hear human voices. I only single out this incident because it is a good exemplification of the vividness of the illusions to which I am subject.

Well, as I was going to tell you, when I went into the sitting-room I was treated to a series of remarks from the different individuals composing the company there, patients in the asylum like myself, all having a bearing upon the business I had in hand. [I might try to give examples of the kind of remarks I mean, but I cannot report accurately from memory as to this particular occasion. For instance, if my attention were directed to the main purpose of taking the observation I might hear some one say, "He's going to 'connect' noon-mark." If I thought of the equation of time it might be, "He has got to 'know' it the variation." If I were apprehensive the sun might be obscured, just as likely as not some one within the sphere of my consciousness would quietly utter: "Maybe the sun won't 'will' him the meridian." And all this notwithstanding the several speakers might not have known anything about my noon-mark, or my purpose, or sun fast and slow. It will be seen that my hallucination includes the use of a peculiar kind of slang, a dialect of its own, which I have never heard or seen used outside. A large part of these insidious "notes and comments" bear the stamp of this truly remarkable peculiarity. This cant dialect to which my lunacy has given birth is the most hateful kind of language in my eyes, and I do not know that I have ever composed a sentence of my own introducing it, except what I have given above.] A knot of three or four in the hall leading to the sitting-room were particularly animated in their talk just then, and it appeared to me that every new movement I made, and every change in the relation of objects presented to my consciousness, was the signal for a boisterous outburst of comments, quizzical or satirical, as the case admitted of, attended with laughter, giving the impression that the exercise of the power they possessed of penetrating the secrets of my mind was to the parties so engaged the source of the most exuberant enjoyment.

When the sun had finally reached the meridian line I found that my watch had gained thirty-two minutes since I set it, four or five days before. (My watch has been to the watchmaker's to be repaired lately, and I have not got it well regulated yet.) When I had arrived at this result, by allowing for the variation from clock-time, I heard the most demonstrative of the coterie before referred to sing out: "Now we must all think 'thirty-two minutes'!" with attendant cachinnation, as before. It appeared that the hilarity inspired came not so much from the real ludicrousness of the ideas as from the manner in which they were received.

I left the sitting-room directly upon this, having attained the object of

my meridian observation, and my way in going to my room led me directly past the group of talkers. As I approached them there seemed to be a lull in the conversation. Thought I to myself, it is a good test-case; I have got a well-defined charge; perhaps there would be no harm in speaking. As the idea of making the inquiry, or quasi-accusation, arose in my mind, I had the person I had heard utter the words I have quoted under my eye. It appeared to me that even his acts, attitude and appearance indicated that I was the object of his attention; that, in fact, he was regarding my approach with more interest than was natural. He is an old man who has been in the institution for some years. He is of a very lively disposition, commonly, much given to talk and hilarity, gets enthusiastic and elated over trifles.

As I approached them I mentally asked myself: "Now did the man I see before me utter the words that coincided so perfectly, that were one and the same, with my thoughts just now?" Following this thought I heard him say: "I did say so; but he (or you) didn't hear me." I came up to him, and said, without irritation (I have before now exhibited some under like circumstances): "Now, Captain" (it is the title we all give him—he used to command an oyster vessel), "just for curiosity, I want to ask you a question. Did I hear you say something about *thirty-two minutes* just now?" He solemnly affirmed, with the appearance of the greatest honesty in the world, that he had not said anything of the kind; that nothing of the kind had been uttered by any of the company. The others present asseverated the same thing. All I could do was to say: "There, now, you see how my mind is bothered; I heard those words said just as plain as could be," and with that passed on and raised no further controversy.

Last night, just as we were all going to bed, the thought of this little episode came into my head. The captain was also about retiring, and was talking on the hall, in the direction of his room, with Mr. Pells, the Supervisor. As I directed my thoughts to the subject of the morning's adventure, it appeared to me that he turned his talk upon the same, and remarked: "I thought he wouldn't come; but he did, and then I had to lie."

Such, O To-Be-Informed, is the nature of the mental infirmity with which I am affected. The task which I have set myself, in beginning these rude commentaries, is to describe as to one who knows nothing about it from elsewhere, to tell who I am, how I live, and to throw what light I can on the question of, How I got here. It will not be foreign to the subject as thus limited—although I do not intend to make this a daily journal—to state that I write this under very different auspices from yesterday's task. I sit in the door of my room writing by gas-light. It is evening. The hall is full of patients, who have been constantly passing and repassing in front of my door while I have been writing. It will be nothing more than the reader will naturally infer for himself, when I say

that I have experienced a great deal of my peculiar trouble while thus engaged. I have received my contribution from nearly every passer that has made his voice heard during the evening.

I should have taken hold of this job earlier in the day, only that I felt somewhat languid all day, I judged from the effects of reading too hard last evening in Boethius on the "Consolation of Philosophy," and consequent imperfect rest last night. But it is now bed-time—the call was given some time ago—and I will close.

[The plan of writing to an imaginary person not being found to work well, it was not adhered to. Daily entries of some length were made in these "commentaries" for two weeks, when the habit of periodical exertion was found to be acting injuriously and was discontinued. Nothing of any account towards the fulfillment of the chief end in view was produced. What follows was begun late in the summer and substantially finished before the end of the year.* I attribute my finding the liberty to write for the public eye to the use I made of part of the second of the above entries. I give them word for word, a true copy from the original in phonetic cipher, except the change of "who" to "whom" and "it" to "them" in the first. The style could be improved—as could my style in general, no doubt—but I thought I would not so much as profit by the suggestions of "ears" for "eyes," "group" for "knot," and "plainly" for "plain," for which I believe I was indebted to Timothy Titcomb. The passage on hallucinational cant, in brackets, was a later addition.]

* This applies to the original limits of ten chapters.

CHAPTER I.

I was born on the twelfth day of March, in the year 1843, in the town of Flushing, Long Island, in a farm-house on the road between the villages of Flushing and Jamaica. I came in the midst of a driving snow-storm. I have often heard them mention how they had to go after the doctor in a sleigh. It fell on a Sunday, so that there might have been hopes of the fulfillment of the proverb:

“The child that is born on the Sabbath-day
Shall be happy, and lucky, and wise, and gay.”

My mother had the measles just before I was born, which gave occasion to my relatives to assure me many times that, though I never had them (in the world), I would never catch them. It is said that I was entirely black when I was ushered into the world, and that, for I forget how long a period of time, I did nothing but give vent to heart-saddening wails. Was I lamenting the gift of light, on this morning of what was to become a woe-burdened existence?

I was a weakly infant. I came near dying of the whooping-cough, and it was always asserted, by those who knew, that I owed my life to the untiring exertions of a poor woman* who lived a neighbor, who busied herself all night with me, dipping me at intervals into a tub of warm water. My half-sister had it at the same time, and died.

I will not tarry to give any lengthy souvenirs of my childhood, as that would not further the great object in view in writing this history. It will be of use, however, to give an idea of my nature and disposition in my tender years. I was always a shy, retiring child, not disposed to make myself free with strangers, not much given to prattle; in fact, one of the sad and silent sort from the first. I can remember some peculiar sensations which used to weigh on my mind, which go to show that the foundation of my mind-life was but imperfect from the first. I used to be troubled with very strange feelings when I was waking out of sleep, especially if I had been taking a nap in the day-time. It used to seem to me that I was floating in the air, and I often thought to myself: “Why, how queer I have been feeling! It was as if I filled the whole room, way up to the ceiling.”† I was told by others that I sometimes raised myself up in bed, after getting to sleep, and made an outcry—“Oh, don’t! oh, don’t!” seeming to be in great distress; but the strange part of it is that I could remember nothing about it. I do not think that I ever remembered even their

* Her name was Catherine Allen, wife of John Allen.

† Perhaps this is nothing more than nightmare. If not that, I have not discovered the application of the word nightmare.

waking me, or finding them at my bedside. I only had their word for it next day.

As far as I can go back I remember having at times, but not frequently, impressions which must be identical with what I have lately heard others speak of as "double memory." The feeling would all at once creep over me that the very thing I was present with, my ideas and perceptions at that time, had happened to me once before, in just the same sequence and arrangement. I have heard this explained as due to a lack of simultaneity in the action of the two lobes of the brain, the tardy one remembering what has already passed through the other. My own theory was different, leaving the organ acting out of consideration. I only went so far as to look at it as a mistaken quality in the perception—an erroneous attaching of the nature of the act of remembering to what was really the act of thinking or knowing in the present.

I was very early in life an observer of my own mental peculiarities to a degree which I think must be a very rare exception. I often used to be sensible of an unsatisfactoriness in my consciousness of what surrounded me. I used to ask myself, "Why is it that, while I see and hear and feel everything perfectly, it nevertheless does not seem real to me? It is as if I were in danger of forgetting myself and the place where I am." I often wondered even how I kept the run of things as well as I did. I always found myself holding on to the orderly and proper connection of my acts, and yet, from my feelings, I could not have answered for my doing so. I can remember sitting at my desk in school, when a small boy, and dwelling with melancholy on this dimness in my perception of existence, and wondering how it was with others in this respect. I wondered to myself if life, as ordinarily bestowed, included this deficiency. It was long before I got at a solution of this mystery, but it was finally given me.

I showed in my tastes and behavior a harmony with the internal composition of my mind. I was never given to the active sports which the common run of boys take so much delight in, such as base-ball. I have no distinct recollection of taking a hand in more than one game, when I elicited remarks that I held the bat like a pudding-stick, or "the way an old woman holds her broomstick," or some equally flattering criticism. [This happened while I and my brother attended school in a neighboring district, because our district had no teacher. The simple fact is that I had a languid, nervous development, and from the necessity of my organization could not have much capacity or relish for sports of agility.] I sometimes played at marbles, but I am certain that I took but little part in the chorus of conflicting voices usually attending the game. I am afraid I sometimes indulged in a manner of play that was not as dignified as it should have been; in fact, something of the nature of buffoonery. I suppose we have all got to obey the promptings of our natural bent of mind. If I could compound a boy of my own, I should try to improve on the model I remember to have been exhibited in myself.

I never indulged in any rough-and-tumble familiarities with my

playfellows, but was disposed to leave everybody alone. Such a thing as wrestling or fighting was what I never could have been guilty of. My want of capacity for self-defense was sometimes taken advantage of, but it would be giving a false impression if I should make these instances too prominent. It is not true that I was regarded or treated as strange or deficient in my wits. Such an idea would look misplaced to those who knew me and consorted with me in those days. These differences are perhaps more evident to myself than they ever were to the greater part of my acquaintances. I brooded on this side of my character at a later period, and I no doubt remain liable to give greater prominence to disparaging traits than some impartial observers would justify me in doing. On glancing back over the most memorable of my school-boy troubles, I find that those which have left the most lasting marks in my memory, because most disagreeable, were all started and engineered by one rude boy, whom I had felt a distaste for from the first contact, as being ill-bred and coarse-grained. As a general rule, my harmless and peaceable disposition kept me out of squabbles with my schoolmates. If I was approached in an aggressive way I met it with absolute non-resistance, which in my case had the disarming effect which is attributed to it by pious moralists. It required a great deal of rotting, warping and straining to arouse me to a different course of action in later years.

If we change the scene from the playground to the schoolroom, we shall find that I retained a distinction of my own, apart from the average, and more to my advantage here. I was always a favorite with my teachers. I never gave them any trouble, and took to my studies with a willing relish that could not but be pleasing to them. I learned to read before I went to school; in fact, like an old asylum acquaintance, Mr. Mulley, inventor and infidel monomaniac, I can almost say that I can't remember when I couldn't read. At least I cannot remember the time I learned my letters. I was fond of my toy-books and primers above all my other toys, and I was kept well supplied with playthings in great variety. I can remember grieving lamentably over the loss of a favorite picture-book which my mother had given to the washerwoman's little girl. I had to be pacified with the promise of another, and the promise was kept; for I very shortly got two new ones, one printed in blue and one in black, but they were neither of them like the old one. I never had to be punished for misbehavior at school, and I can remember but one or two instances of being kept in or reprimanded for failure in recitations. When other boys were punished with whipping, in the first days of my school life, my involuntary sympathies were so wrought on that I cringed at every stroke, almost as much as if it had been laid on myself. I learned easily. I remember that figures gave me more trouble than anything, when I was quite small, but afterwards I found no more difficulties there than elsewhere. I was frequently singled out for complimentary remarks on my proficiency in my studies. I gave evidence of some talents of a higher kind, even—could draw, for instance, better than any boy in the school.

I was not a boy to have many close intimacies, did not find cronies. My brother Richard was very different from me in this respect. He would enter into a league with any boy he came across, and lay conspiracies, sometimes, against my peace. The idea of mischief was altogether foreign to my nature and habits. One of the most marked weaknesses of my character as a child was my susceptibility to being teased. My brother seemed to instinctively perceive this, and he mischievously took advantage of it occasionally. After having pondered some on the traits of the human animal in this particular, I have come to the conclusion that there is no further explanation needed than that the impression made on the teaser by the teasable is such as to naturally prompt the acts constituting the teasing, as the sense of burning makes us shrink, and an aroma suggestive of a fine flavor tempts us to bite. [I feel convinced that the liability to be teased rests on a principle that has a mighty influence in the motions of the soul of humanity. Is it not the necessity of paying attention to what is done by our fellows, because we are homogeneous, and the acts of man known to us are in a manner our acts, because we are man? It seems to me that all our agitations, religious and other, are prompted by this necessity. We exert ourselves to make our own position evident to us, and keep from being carried off by the visible maneuvers of others.]

I have said that I never fought. It is nevertheless the fact that I would sometimes, when irritated, act somewhat hastily and violently; rarely in a way that could be called wicked tempered. I once got angry at my grandmother, when a small boy eight or ten years old, and struck her in the face spitefully. She had her mouth full of pins—a way she had of holding them—and the consequences of the blow were alarming, as her mouth or tongue was wounded so that the blood flowed. My misdeeds as a child were rarely prompted by a love of mischief, or the result of headlong thoughtlessness. When set to rights by my mother, I sometimes indulged a strong feeling of injured innocence for awhile—I suppose some would have called it sulkiness. I had a well-defined idea of the nature of sin; and I used frequently, at night, to recall the events of the day, and reflect on instances in which I had transgressed and given way to ill-humor, and form resolutions to try and do better. From some of the most flagrant of the sins and improprieties to which small and larger boys are prone, I was entirely free. I never could make use of immodest or obscene language, and such offenses against propriety in my companions pained me, and if committed in my presence, or in conversation with me, would induce an offended silence, or an expression of disapproval.

I was not without my musings on religion as a child. My father was a Universalist, and I at first was partial to his belief, as I understood it, and used to be quite displeased at some passages in the Sunday-school hymn-book about "darkness, fire and chains." I can also remember having a dispute with my grandmother, who was a strong Methodist. But my opinions underwent a change while I was

still quite young, without ever being persuaded or argued with by any one. I read the New Testament, and I made up my mind that the only honest way of understanding it was to take it literally, without twisting, and as it said "cast into hell," I must believe it to mean hell. I attended Sunday-school during my boyhood, at the house of a neighbor, an Episcopalian. My mother attended the Methodist church at Jamaica, and there was where I heard pretty much all the preaching I ever had the benefit of. My church-going seems to have about come to an end after I reached the age of youth. I can remember taking to myself some things said by the minister and making a personal application. In one sermon that I heard the preacher dwelled on the differing grades of capacities and abilities, and the necessity of making allowances accordingly. I know I thought to myself that my parents ought to remember that in judging me, and not act as if they thought I was equal to any kind of a task. I do not remember what grievances I had in mind, if any. Probably it was only a passing emotion.

My father was a strict and careful man in the government of his family. He was particular in his attention to our education at home, and it was owing to his care, supported by the exertions of a grown-up half-sister, that I made as great advances as I did before starting for school. My sister taught the district school the first term I attended it. My father wished me and my brother to gain a taste for reading, and did everything towards that end, by purchasing entertaining juvenile works for us, and taking literary papers. Of my father's moral character it can be said with absolute truth that a more honest, conscientious man never lived. I do not believe he could have perpetrated an act of fraud or deceit if he had tried.

My mother liked to attend church, but was not likely to make much of an active show of religious sentiments in her intercourse with the family. In this she was (and is) much about the same as the great mass of non-professors, I suppose. My early training cannot be said to have been a predominantly religious one. My mind was neither imbued with ineradicable prejudices, nor prepared for reaction to the other extreme by excessively rigid sectarian drilling and formalism.

As one of the features of my religious disposition, I will mention that I had a natural reverence for the Sabbath in my tender years. I remember asking my mother once whether it was wrong to whittle a stick on Sunday, which shows that I had a keen sense of the character of the day as holy time. I never in my life went skating, or fired off a gun or other fire-arm, except once, on Sunday.

One peculiarity of my early life—I might say of my whole life—I might comment on; namely, my habitual reticence—my indisposition, or it might be more correct to say my inability, to communicate things to others that weighed very heavily on my mind. I have always been at a disadvantage in this. My style of address was always weak and irresolute when I was not under a special instigation, and my instinctive dread of meeting with a deprecating or discourag-

ing reception kept me from going very far in laying open my soul to those with whom I came in contact. Perhaps it was as much from a sort of indistinctness in my mental constitution, by virtue of which I had a strongly-felt internal perception of a thing at the same time that it never came near enough to the surface for me to be able to detail it in words. It is mostly matters of a disagreeable kind—things with which I was and had reason to be dissatisfied—that I refer to here. Likely the inability I experienced to make the outward show was identical in its nature with the real basis of the trouble itself. If I had had the ability to express the grievance it would have naturally included the ability to free myself from the cause of the trouble, I think most likely. It is the first law in the government of all created things, that all must suffer or enjoy the natural consequences of the qualities of their own natures. I was impotent at a certain point in my intellectual and moral constitution, and I had to bear the consequences naturally flowing from that impotence. There seems to me no possible idea of justice on any other foundation. Such a being, with such qualities, is equal to such performances, meets with such and such a fate. The due laying to heart of this law, it seems to me, would be the most effectual means of preventing the extreme results of known liabilities to evil of any kind. The difficulties met with in life's pathway would be assigned to their true cause, the inward defect, not the obstacle or temptation presenting the apparent stumbling-block; and this idea, kept fully in view, would act as a conductor in preventing or leading off innocuously any possible accumulations of irritation or indignation at the baffling of our desires. It should have its due weight likewise in the removal, whenever possible, of any secondary influences or causes likely to aggravate the operation of the constitutional propensity, and the interposition of such as are opposed to the same. If I had known the bearing of these things on my own fortunes while it was yet time, I could have done much. Fortunate are they who understand and act at the right time.

CHAPTER II.

Having given as full a sketch of my fortunes and character as a child as seems called for, I will now pass on to the period of youth, and see what I find in my memory's stores to strike my attention there. My schooling consisted of such instruction as the ordinary district school affords, both summer and winter, up to the age when I became fit for work on the farm, after that (the age of twelve or thirteen) winters only. Besides this I went one winter to the academy at Jamaica, but studied none but the commonest branches there. After this I stayed on the farm, the prosecution of the business of farming, or assistance therein, forming my ostensible occupation.

The management of the farm was in the hands of a man who had been in the employ of my maternal grandfather and father as man-of-all-work, and who was retained in the same capacity after my father's death, which occurred when I was twelve years old. He was a relative—a great-uncle—brother to my maternal grandmother, who also lived with us on the farm. He had full charge of the management of the farm to the time we sold it and left it. I worked steadily on the farm, though with moderation, at such kinds of work as I seemed to be equal to. The heavier kinds of work, such as plowing and wagoning, as also the marketing of the produce, were attended to by our foreman, "Uncle David." I was remarkable for my indifference or aversion to almost all society, never visited or went out into mixed society. Of course I occasionally went to the neighboring villages on business.

I never felt fully satisfied that I was doing the right thing for myself in staying on the farm, but all my projects looking towards a change amounted only to dreams. My health not being robust, my friends, as a general thing, discouraged my exchanging work in the open air for a more confining occupation. From the time I quit school, and before, I had cherished the notion that I should find the printing business a congenial one, and even went so far as to disclose such an opinion to my friends, but never had the resolution to act in the matter. Some of my friends thought it would be worse for my health, but it is not my opinion at the present time that it would have been.

There are here and there rare cases of persons who, after passing the age of youth, can, on looking back, see that there has been an element at work in their lives that they would give the world to have the power to blot out the memory of. They cannot exactly say that they have repented of the reprehensible course followed previously. The will and the voice of conscience and judgment were the same formerly as now, but somehow remained of no effect. I suppose it

is but natural for persons in such a predicament to look back over the conditions under which this ungrateful part of their life's memory was enacted or drifted through, and to reflect on what might have become a sufficient countenance to them in regulating things according to their true will and judgment. I know such was the case with me; but this seems to fall more properly under the next period of my life, that following my removal from the farm. I am now giving my attention to the changes taking place in my character and disposition during my youth, while I still lived on the homestead.

It is a somewhat delicate subject to manage to my satisfaction, this that I am about to enter on; but it demands candid and impartial treatment, because the events that followed in later years cannot be rightly understood without it. It is impossible for me to give a veracious sketch of my soul-life during this period without dwelling quite minutely on the characteristics of our farmer, "Uncle David."* He was a man who had roughed it a good deal in the world, had been at one time in his life a live-oaker in Florida. How his temper and disposition may have been at an earlier period I cannot say—I only remember him as a man possessed of the belief that a certain young man living on an adjoining farm had the power to torture him at his pleasure, both by bothering his brains and inflicting physical pain, which power he made use of to such good effect that the poor victim was almost constantly kept busy holding him at bay, by means of cursings of the most fierce and vigorous description. While at work with horses in the fields, and when driving, he would intermix his commands to the animals with savage execrations of the troubler of his peace. The unfortunate man was troubled, at certain seasons of the year especially, with sore feet, and at such times his imprecations against the offender would fairly rise to yells, and were almost blood-curdling in their intense ferocity. Thus it went on, day and night. He slept in a small room in one of the outbuildings, and often he could be heard a great distance off, shouting out threats, sometimes throwing boots or boot-jacks against the boarded side of the building where he lodged, to put in the interjection points.

It may be imagined that a boy of a reserved and sensitive disposition, as I was, could not assimilate very well with such a character as this. I was always distant in my intercourse with him, and a feeling of aversion for his habits of savagery led me to avoid coming in contact with him more than was rendered necessary by our joint labors on the farm. It will be readily comprehended that such a state of things was not favorable to my initiation into the mysteries of practical agriculture. The fault lay in myself, of course; I should have taken steps towards some change, of my own motion. It is altogether useless to try to calculate the influence exerted by certain circumstances. A man ought to be superior to circumstances. Still, it was my misfor-

*This was written before I had heard of the death of the person treated of, and with the expectation that what I said would be made public and in all probability come to his knowledge.

tune to be in a condition in which, I think it may with truth be said, a person is almost at the mercy of circumstances. The conditions of life which would be his salvation if he could be placed in them he instinctively shuns. He does so in perfect innocence, because the first effect on him is unpleasant, not from any partiality for what is wrong in his present way of living—that is left altogether out of sight, even of himself; and the bearing of various relations on it, its continuance or its removal, is veiled from his eyes. He may very likely reach a point at a later day from which he can overlook the whole field, but then it is too late to rectify it.

As it was, I left things entirely in the hands of our trusty foreman, and remained myself more in the position of an assistant. I remember that he sometimes hinted that I might go ahead with things in my own way, if I had ideas of my own which I would like to put in execution, and I have no doubt he had cogitations of his own relating to how things ought naturally to be, but I had no ambition to assume the part of superintendent. Towards the latter part of my farm-life I began to take an increased interest in small fruits and gardening, but on a small scale, mostly for the gratification of my love of experiment. My relish for an occupation seemed to depend on my having the whole management of it to myself.

I now approach one of the most unpleasant parts of my task; but it is a duty whose fulfillment is called for by the interests of truth, and I will not shrink. It is an avowal of my own folly, or worse, that I am called to make. As the years passed on, and I continued to live in the presence of my uncle's fierce demonstrations of hostility against the invisible destroyer of his comfort, my toleration for his conduct insensibly gave way. I had now reached the age of eighteen or nineteen, was a tall, slender youth, not strong either in nerve or muscle. Our manager was so constantly engaged in defiance and invective against his unseen foe, that his manner towards all became more or less tinged by it. The tiger was to be seen lurking there, though curbed. The contemplation of this savage disposition in him got to be too much for my self-control, and I began to give way to feelings of irritation against him. Not that he was offensive or insulting in his manner towards *me*. He was uniformly civil, if a person acted with circumspection and avoided questioning the reality of the wrongs he fancied he was the victim of. Any one who offended in that was certain to come in for a share of vehement and profane abuse.

It finally got so far with me that I fairly began to set myself up as a breakwater against his fury. The exhibitions of his ruling passion called up more and more determined feelings of antagonism in my breast. This, without my having as yet declared myself by any overt act, though he must have noticed it. Nothing more absurd than my course could be imagined, if examined in the light of prudence and reason. He was to be pitied rather than blamed for his behavior—at all events he was not to be held responsible; and besides, he was only employed by us, and if not suitable, why not dismiss him? But these were things with which it did not occur to me I had

anything to do; or if I thought of it, I saw it was not in *my* hands. I was obliged to live with him, and I would not put up with him. My only excuse must be the simple necessary effect of such an exhibition of unbridled ferocity on a sensitive, ill-controlled mind, accompanied with some little feeling of self-esteem. I do not know that I was originally endowed with any large share of will and determination, further than an inflexible regard for truth and justice; but the constant friction exerted by the state of things I have depicted seemed to develop it in me. I could not seem to remain indifferent to my uncle's behavior in my presence, though not at all directed against me; it impressed me, was irksome to me, it *would* have frightened me if I had not felt that too much of an indignity to allow it to become possible. I had to move in some direction, and the direction I took was that of secret resentment against the offender, and a fixed determination not to brook a particle of the like sort of conduct if it should ever be directed against myself. Before I knew it I had gone a criminal length in my resentful feeling. I came at last to feel that a person of such a thoroughly savage character did not deserve more indulgence than a mad dog. My position from that time was that of contingent murder.

Alas! that I should have been content to let such a state of things last a single day. The frightful danger of my situation ought to have been sufficient to spur me to sacrifice everything to escape from it. But I was in chains—the chains of apathy, impotence and incapacity, and I could only stay where I was and fume against the object of my detestation.

The first open exhibition of hostility happened one autumn, when we were husking corn in the field. The occasion was an exhibition by my uncle of his ferocious manner towards a little boy—a nephew of mine, who lived with us. He was, no doubt, unconscious of anything out of the way in his address. He was so confirmed in the habit of piling defiance into every thought and word, that he could not assume a different manner in ordinary intercourse. But, however excusable, I took offense at it, and approached the miserable being (more miserable being that I was myself, perhaps), and expressed my disapprobation of his way of speaking quite indignantly, with my clenched hand extended towards him. The thing ended in a slight scuffle, in which I had the worst. This led to a resolution on my part to try to have him discharged, but there were obstacles in the way which seemed sufficient to those who had the control. Neither was I impelled by the glaring evils of the situation to make my escape from it. Things had gone so far away from the right track that it seemed there was no way to get back to the straight path of right living. There really was no right way but to give up the whole thing and leave it, at whatever sacrifice; but I did not know enough yet to insist on this course, and perhaps there was nothing for it but to go straight on until the measure of badness should be filled.

The climax was reached two years after the occurrence of the incident in the corn-field. Uncle David was eating his dinner in the

basement; I was sitting in the room above. Mother was talking with him, and he answered her in a manner which offended me, when I rose in haste, took a double-barreled gun from an adjacent bedroom, and going part of the way down the basement stairs, encountered my uncle just coming out of the kitchen. I presented the gun directly against his head, with both barrels cocked, and told him I would shoot him like a dog. One pressure of my finger against the triggers, and I should have been a murderer. He motioned me away and told me to desist, and my mother made wild demonstrations of terror. I hesitated, and my mother got me to go back up-stairs; but I continued to rage for some time, saying over and over: "He has acted like a dog, and he has got to die like a dog!"

[The night before this happened I had had an apparition of a fleshless skeleton, which stood before me as I lay awake in bed in the dark, and nodded and shook its skull at me. It seemed to me that it was the mortal remains of my grandmother, who had died the spring before, but it could not have been from recognition of features. After the awful occurrence of the next day I thought of it, and told my mother of it.]

Others may decide for themselves whether my actions were sane or not. I do not regard it as having been insanity, myself.

That night my mother asked me where I thought I would have been if I had done as I threatened. "I should have been lying on my bier!" I answered, with all the impetuosity I was equal to. "Do you suppose I would have lived after it?" And that was just the pass to which things had come. Staying there on the farm that way meant momentary danger of a horrible tragedy. No wonder old Cuffee, an aged and astute colored man, who had worked for us that season, and was knowing to these facts, said, when talking of our leaving the farm: "It can't be no wuss, any way."

And the individual thus threatened by my frenzied folly with assassination—how did he meet the menace and the danger? His actions toward me showed more of sorrow than of anger. He was profoundly puzzled, I have not the least doubt, by the turn affairs were taking. I have no doubt I made on him by my ordinary manner the impression of such perfect innocence and harmlessness, that it was impossible for him to return my demonstrations of animosity as he would have felt justified in doing in the case of a man of the ordinary standard. When we were compelled to meet, we continued to act as civilly to each other as before, only I was more distant.

I must always regard it as one of the most unfortunate things in my unfortunate career, that I should have been placed in contact with this much-to-be-commiserated sufferer at such a time of life. It was not the man himself that I hated. When my judgment could act without impediment I saw that his unpleasant behavior was entirely the phenomena presented by his never-ending war against what was in his eyes the most wicked and cruel of persecutions. I could then pity him and dismiss all rancorous thoughts; but when I was compelled to be present with his exhibitions of fierce passion, my

nerves were not equal to sustaining the strain with equanimity. I could not remain indifferent. It would, in another of more off-hand manners than myself, have discharged itself in a more harmless way. There is a natural law of necessity here somewhere which ought to be studied. When one is thus touched to the quick, something has got to be done to ease outraged feeling, or you will be carried away in spite of yourself. "A wounded spirit who can bear?" It has been an unfortunate peculiarity of mine to remain entirely passive until I was *driven* to turn at bay. He who meets beginnings of evil with a timely initiative will triumph. If he waits until compelled to move, he will revolt when it is too late. I suppose the course pursued in every case must depend on natural temper and disposition; but perhaps something can be learned by the harsh schooling of experience.

[My half-brother, two and a half years older than myself, had left the farm when I was about fifteen, to learn the trade of a carpenter. Our relations thereafter are nothing to my purpose. When a person allows himself to abide in the wrong way, he makes the evil forces that exist in his environment the factors in his soul's destiny. There may be much of good there, but it finds no affinity in his soul, and is dead to him.]

CHAPTER III.

I will now pass on to the next era in my life—namely, the five years I spent in the village of Jamaica. This has features entirely its own, and calls for separate treatment. I lived here in a house just on the outskirts of the village. On the village side, the thickly built portion was separated from us by a space of open ground, and on the other side there was a farm, with woodlands bordering it on the farther side.

When I first removed from the farm, in the spring of 1866, it was my intention to try to obtain employment. I was offered the situation of book-keeper in the wholesale grocery store of an old friend of the family, but declined undertaking it, thinking it beyond my qualifications. But I believe it was a situation which I could have very soon fitted myself to fill if my health of mind and body had been staunch and reliable. It was mostly my lack of confidence on that point that caused me to decline. I inserted an advertisement in the *Herald*, and found one place which I thought myself equal to—to make myself generally useful in an auction warehouse, I think it was. Still, something in my feelings, or a dislike for the looks of the place, made me hesitate to undertake the job. The fact was, my health was in a worse condition than I had any full comprehension of. I returned home, and desisted for the present from further endeavors to get employment.

Early in the summer I was taken ill, with symptoms of what I took for advanced pulmonary disease, accompanied with extreme depression and derangement of the nervous system. I had had turns before of trouble with my lungs. Two years before I had had a turn of spitting blood, when our family doctor pronounced my lungs diseased. I had been affected for a number of years with what appeared like a chronic catarrh. As early as the year 1861 I began to raise roundish particles of a cheesy substance. After the attack in the spring of 1864 I one day hawked up, while working in the field, quite a quantity of this cheesy matter, in irregular lumps as large as large peas.

In the depressed state of my nerves I imagined myself much worse than I really was, and, like many others in the same condition, I felt as if I was liable to sink away and die at any time. My disease was accompanied with periodical accesses of fever, and in the fictitious strength of excitement given by this, my mind seemed to gain an abnormal activity. It was at this time that I first received a revelation on the mysteries of the human soul that had an all-dominant effect on my destinies and the turn of my thoughts ever after. Before that time I had been as ignorant of the *internal* meaning of the character

of manhood as a little child. I now learned what had always been to me a hidden mystery—what was the meaning of strength of will and strength of intellect. Before, I had ever lived enshrouded in mists and clouds. In that transitory strength given by the fever coursing through my veins, I now saw the man I ought to have become, rising up like a shadowy phantom, in judgment on the wreck which I really was. At a flash everything became clear to me—I saw for the first time what kind of a life I had been leading, and wondered—wondered and grieved—that I should have been so inert and blind. My agitation was so great that my mother and the neighbors seemed to fear I was going crazy; I felt that I *had* been crazy for a long while, and had just recovered reason. It was a fact. But I was constrained to lock up my remorseful agony in my own breast. I did give utterance to some faint murmurings of despair in the presence of my mother, but she could not understand in the least. It was wonderful how clearly I saw the meaning of things which had long lain in my memory uncomprehended. Words of warning and admonition that had fallen upon my ear, but taken no effect on my mind—whose drift and purport had not been discerned at the time—now came back to me, and I wondered how I could be so dull to understand. But the truth was, they had been directed against things that were out of my own sight. The moment the object aimed at rose to my view, I saw the meaning of the shaft intended to transfix it. Many and many were the things of this kind which now came back to accuse me. I saw that I had passed through something which must always, to the last day of my existence, remain a dull weight in my memory—a hideous nightmare, to be shuddered at, but which could never be removed.

I got better of the attack in the early summer, and lived along, pondering on the black cloud of unhappiness enshrouding my life, wondering what the future would bring, and groaning under my melancholy miseries, until the autumn. Then I was taken with another attack, with the same dismal apprehensions of a speedy and hopeless end, and useless lamentations over the past and its lost opportunities. To die, that is nothing, thought I—but to die *so*. I had passed judgment on my life and condemned it, and to die leaving my record in that condition was everlasting perdition. In this feeling of despair over a wasted life I seemed to develop an energy of protestation against nature's fiat that was almost supernatural. I have of late sometimes compared my struggle at this period with what is related of Hezekiah, in Isaiah and other places in the Bible. I have been given the opportunity of making reparation for my early worthlessness, and may I be granted strength and light to do it in a way that will be set down to my credit on the book of eternal life. We will see whether my act, in casting back the full light of day over places in my own life, which have lain till now in the shadow, may not give me the privilege at the same time of demanding that the same light of truth and plain reasoning be allowed to illumine the old records and prejudices of humanity at large.

My gloomy anticipations of an untimely close to my earthly career were not realized. I got better of this attack as I had of the earlier one, and settled down into a course of life which remained without much variation during the whole of my sojourn in that place, except as some of the shadows or lurid gleams in the picture may have become deepened as time passed on. I could not think of trying to get paying work. I could not depend on my health from one day to another. My strength and endurance were not sufficient for manual labor, and I did not feel confidence enough in the clearness and energy of my mind to justify me in making application for any post where head-work would have been demanded, or for which ready presence of mind or a good address would have been required. But it was the unpleas-antness felt on contact with my fellow-men that operated more strongly than anything else in binding me down to the course of life to which I devoted myself. I felt my deficiency most keenly every time I met a human being face to face. When one thinking being meets another a party to such a meeting wants to take cognizance of the existence, presence, appearance and acts of the other party. If he knows anything, and has any life in him at all, he will make some reachings out of the intellectual faculties he has, in order to do this. He likewise wants to show himself to be a being of some kind of intelligence, in order to have a claim on the other's respectful countenance and consideration. In my case it seemed that I was in a position where every particular of the complex effort required gave me pain, while I remained intensely conscious of the whole sum of the duty demanded of a perfect man. I could not do otherwise than shun what was so galling to my sensibility, while appearing to conduce to no desirable end. It was here as it had been before. I had arrived at a knowledge of a man's true nature as a moral being—I had felt something of the mind of a mature man, which forever set me above dangers to which I had been exposed before reaching it. This knowledge became my guiding star. I cherished it as my only hold on the hope of salvation. It *was* my salvation—the only idea I had of salvation—for time or eternity. But I am going to show that I still remained exposed to very great dangers, and it is as true as it was before that I shunned the only means of averting the calamities threatening me, no doubt of necessity at this stage, and in obedience to the eternal decree that every tree shall spread out and develop in accordance with the qualities given to it “before it was in the ground.” I did not like to feel the constraint imposed on me by the presence of man. I did like the freedom of solitude. I strongly disliked many things I noticed in the manner and words of some I met, and there was nothing to prevent this dislike from occasionally being absorbed into my solitary musings, to find its final resolution in the passion of indignation, in its various degrees of intensity, as the case might be.

I have spoken before of my defective means of defense against “teasing,” or mocking for the purpose of troubling. I was always terribly alert and sensitive to all kinds of “snubs,” and sneers, and oblique remarks in general, on their proficiency in which some peo-

ple pride themselves so much. I seemed to see a spirit in such things that was in my eyes the sum of all wickedness and all enormities, and I had no patience with it. I was myself wholly and utterly incapable of such offenses. I should have to dismiss every particle of my kindness and regard for my fellow-creatures, and come to look on them as condemned enemies, before I could make the slightest approach to any such act. I can show hostility openly, or conceal my thoughts for a time; but deal a covert blow, act the snake in the grass, I cannot. But I have always observed that it is not so with most others. They will speak you fair, and seem to be in all ways well disposed towards you, then a sudden opportunity will present itself, and they will perpetrate acts of treacherous malignity, as I see them, that seem to belie the other evidences of good will. I never could make it out—how a person could invest two such contradictory natures at the same time. As I have said, they always have had a powerful effect on me—a chilling and repelling effect that I never could master. I seem to lose my only foundation for judging of the manner of being I am dealing with; and if I am cut off from a frank explanation and settlement of the puzzling point, I am likely to make a move for a dropping of existing relations and suspension of intercourse. I believe there is an inborn peculiarity about my mental composition that precludes the possibility of my seeing things in any other light. It is always foolish, and an avowal of weakness, to get *angry* at things that have a bad look. This is where I have offended very gravely in the past, and it is this, without doubt, that has brought the worst of my troubles upon me; but I still have hopes of being able to do something to regulate things. I would like to give a true picture of my life and habits of thought during the time I am now treating, since it appears to have become needful for the promotion of the interests of truth; but I feel that my powers of description are unequal to it. Not only my head, but my heart (the literal heart of flesh), fails me in the exertions I am making to delve out facts from the buried memories of the past, and put them in intelligible shape. But I will make an effort towards it.

[The reason I recognize the inconvenience I suffer from mental exertion, as proceeding from labored action of the heart, is that it is the same distress I experienced after I was belabored severely by a visiting doctor named Hunt here in the asylum, under pretense of testing my lungs by percussion, when he pronounced my disease to be displacement of the heart. I had never had it previous to that to the same extent. The distress may be more from pulmonary or pleural inflammation, increased by exertion.]

[I dwelt with irritation sometimes on other peculiarities in the manners of many people found in the world. All those voice and gesture indications which form the will-weapons of "strong-charactered" people were offensive, if not incomprehensible, to me. I compared them to the growling of a dog, and respected them as much. I was also disagreeably impressed by the ways of some who showed a disposition to turn their attention to myself, instead of confining them-

selves to the subject I was presenting to them. All these things became more or less pitfalls to me, leading my mind into sin against my neighbor, instead of spurring to endeavors towards betterment at home, as they should have done. My own manner was always weak until it became cross or defiant. If I attempted pleasantry it took but a breath to throw a wet blanket on it. I presented the appearance of indecision when my will was really fixed, which sometimes subjected me to the necessity of acting more abruptly than desirable in the end, on account of not being able to make show enough at the beginning.]

There were things about my sojourn of five years in the village of Jamaica that have always caused me to dwell on it with more of pleasure than on any other period of my life. It is true I was more or less miserable all the time; I was doing nothing for my support, and I had no hopes of the future. I no doubt ought to condemn it, too, on account of my moral delinquencies, persisted in and nourished during that time, afterwards to bear their distasteful fruit. I was being carried into a state of secret enmity to mankind in general by the prevailing tenor of my brooding meditations, and there was no corrective present. As the prophet says, I sat alone, avoided the assembly of the mirthful,* and was (occasionally) filled with indignation. Yet, notwithstanding all of this, I cannot look back upon it with feelings of condemnation. There was an under-current of honorable aspiration running through it that gives it a hallowed spot in my memory. Through all it was the same. All received a hue from this yearning for what was worthy in life, paired with the mournful sense of its hopeless absence. Whatever wrong turns I may, in my weakness, have been betrayed into, it is impossible that I should look upon my then existing frame of mind, as a whole, with repentant feelings. As well condemn righteousness and holiness itself.

When I admit that I occasionally was overcome with an irruption of hard feelings towards wrong-doing man, it will, of course, not be understood that I was habitually morose and spiteful in temper. Nothing could be further from the truth. What commotion there was was mostly internal, rarely reaching the surface in visible ebullitions. Much of my time passed serenely by; our neighbors occupying the other half of the double house were rather agreeable people, and we lived on good terms with them, with only the every-day ups and downs of life. I occupied myself with the trifling labors of my garden, dwelling with interest and pleasure on the progress of my crops and flowers, and every now and then took a ramble over to the woods lying to the south, which were a favorite place of resort to me all the while I lived there. There I botanized and moralized, explored the recesses of the woods, enjoyed the calm quiet of nature, and groaned over my hapless condition, wondering what it was to come to.

* Leeser's Jewish translation.

CHAPTER IV.

It may be asked, What about your relations to religion, to God and His revealed law, and the Church? It is a thing I have got to dispose of. I had had no training to make those things real to me—what opinions I had had as a child had been washed out by years and years of a life altogether outside the pale of everything like Christian discipline. It seems that as I passed the limit of the age of childhood there was a weakening, and from that time religious ideas became inoperative over me.

In order to understand why these things could have little or no place in my mind, as determining elements, it would be necessary to understand the way these things work, how they are implanted and kept alive. They are things delivered from man to man, handed down from generation to generation. Now, apart from the memory we have of our actual handling of these things, what effect can they have on us? It seems to me they are part of the intercourse between man and man. Take a man and isolate him, let him never confer with his neighbor on these things, or know of any relations with his neighbors dependent on these things, and it appears to me that they lose their only hold on the mind. Such a man's thoughts could not take hold on a law as binding, or a model as authoritative, that had had no well-marked place in the memory of his life. It is the mark that has been engraved on the memory that gives the only efficiency to these traditional ideas. They must be cultivated as Moses commands in Deut. vi., by teaching diligently unto children, by talking of them when sitting in one's house, when walking by the way, when lying down and when rising up.

Now, in my case, how did it stand? I had lived among people holding certain forms of belief and following certain customs, but I had had no participation in these things, for or against. Not only were all the habits of my mind unaffected by a trace of active conformity to these conventionalities, but my mind was in a condition of debility and chronic weariness which forbade my making reparation for past neglects, if I had felt any impulse to do so. But I did not. I saw, or thought I saw, that what there was in my life that was worth cherishing was a thing that was endangered by an approach to the world—every brush of contact proved it to me—and so I kept myself to myself, and went on my own way.

I sometimes looked into the Bible—I did so when I was in the desponding state I have described—but what did I find there? I only found confirmation in the doctrine that there was no salvation but the salvation I had had revealed to me after I had lost it. I read about hell, it is true, and heaven, and forgiveness; but these I saw as

clearly as day were only figures of speech. I knew enough to be my own judge—if I felt under my own condemnation, what voice could say that I was clear? I had a sense of honor and a sense of manliness, however far I came short of fulfilling it, and what other law could I have?

I dwelt sometimes on the idea of a paradise hereafter, and felt that it was a belief that would not stand very rough treatment. I took up the ways and fashions of people here on earth and thought of them as peopling a heaven where all should be love and perfection, and felt that the idea was full of absurdities, and that, if attempted to be treated as seriously true, and carried out by our thoughts as being so, it would cause the whole thing to be ridiculed as nonsensical. I think still that the whole doctrine of a paradisaical world, leaving out all the evil of this world, and the opposite, depends for its integrity on the connection of man with man. It is easy to harden your face like flint to impose this or that notion on your neighbor—to assert a belief in this or that half-idea *in the face of others*. The strength of the belief will be just in proportion to the violence with which you dash them against the opposition. Take a single truthful soul, and let him try to understand these things, as he examines into the facts of created nature around him, with no propensity for deluding others or being deluded, and the only foundation vanishes and cannot be found.

I had thoughts on atheism and on the true conception of a Supreme Being. I could not but think that there was less of real difference of belief, as to facts, between skeptics and professors of religion, than there was commonly made out to be. Does not the man who is known as an atheist believe in an order of creation—in a *law* regulating life and nature? He knows that no power is in his own hands, except he work in accordance with his intelligent perception or correct intuition of the truth of existent things. Now, he knows there is a power at work bringing all things to pass in spite of him. If he have the feeling that that power must be thought of as more haphazard, or more blind, or more unfeeling, or less discriminating, than the power regulated by his own intelligence, the defect is in himself, and the loss is his own. He remains a being enjoying less, less perfect, than if he had a full conviction—a really *felt* conviction—of the existence of an infinitely wise power at the head of creation. He has the alternative of thinking of the all-working power as less intelligent than himself, or more so. Then I asked myself, How does a man conceive of an intelligent being? If I habituate myself to think of the power governing creation only as “nature,” giving it the character of lifelessness and blindness, as pictured before my mind, do I not put it below myself, treat it as inferior in intelligence to me?

Then I asked myself, How is it with you? I could not but feel that my feelings were unsatisfactory, and I asked myself the reason. The answer was not hard to be found—the quality of the unsatisfying feeling was easy to be seen. It lay in my own dim intelligence. I

could see that just in proportion as my own intelligence—that is to say, the strength of my consciousness—increased, just in that proportion did my ability to conceive worthily of the existence of a wise overruling power increase. I was lying under condemnation as the effect of sin, and it was contrary to the law of existence for me to have the enjoyment of what belongs only to a mind bred in conformity to the law. I could not think of God in a way that seemed to me adequate to the subject, because my mind was not free to think. The dimness of the medium spoiled the vista seen through it.*

I remember I went through some courses of reasoning, in my groping way, concerning the unapproachable nature of God, which I would not now, perhaps, be willing to admit the conclusiveness of as readily. I used to say, "When people talk of God they merely use a word which has a certain force to their minds from its associations. They cannot really speak of God. They may speak in God's hands. All they can do is to use their judgment on the sensible things of earth. God is their Creator, and toward Him they cannot turn! Even when they pray they cannot address God. They live in His power, and are judged according to the law of necessity and infinite justice." According to this, I was disposed to look on sacred writings, etc., merely as of use aesthetically and morally. I have been given more light since then.

[I pondered on the meaning of the word Religion, also; and exerted myself to find the marks distinguishing her from her more dusky sister, Superstition. As concerned myself, I noticed that I had not the freedom of will that many had about speaking of matters of fact, or adopting certain manners towards others. I could not deceive another without feeling that I was working against my own mind, or do hostile things without open defiance. This, I concluded, was rightly to be called a religious trait of mind. Others had the same tenderness about various words, records, mental images, practices, etc., while they might not be as tender where I was. Their will-bondage I also recognized as religion, in the original and true sense of the word, but such religion as I would have subjected to the judgment of utility.]

In a similar manner I cogitated, at different times, on the subject of death and immortality. Said I to myself, Now there are two alternatives: a person may think of death with dread and gloom, and of the hereafter as a void, or he may have an image in his mind associated with death giving it a cheerful and hopeful look. If he does the first, so much the worse for him. He simply has no faith in life as it exists, or at any rate his feelings belie his faith, if he thinks he has any. He cannot alter the reality, any more than he can put himself over himself and control the progress of his life. He simply labors under a defect in the way he is fitted to actualities. He cannot but be judged to be a being further removed from the ideal of spiritual perfection than the man who has an entirely hopeful view

* In other words, when I thought of religion I felt *myself*.

of death. He would do better to take another alternative, and shun all thoughts about the subject, and live in the enjoyment of the moment, after the manner of the whole of the animal creation. Much better, and more in obedience to the voice of nature.

[Another of the points I made was, that it does not lie with man to shape for himself his conception of life and the soul, and to hope or despair accordingly. I saw this to be an inversion of the truth. Nature takes care of it for him.]

Then I applied it to myself, as before. Did I have myself a hopeful view of my fate for eternity? I had to confess that the thought of death seemed to trouble me at times, and I asked myself, Why? I have given already the only reason apparent to me on close examination—namely, my dissatisfaction with the life I had lived. It was not a looking forward so much as a looking back. I did not feel that I could absolve myself before the tribunal of my own judgment. I did not conceive of it so much as God's judgment; but is not the judgment of truth God's judgment, and how can I know anything about God's judgment if it is not at the same time my own? If I am in the dark and blind myself, how can my relations to an outer judgment have any effect on me? But I could not help seeing that it was a deceptive feeling, that looked to me like a shivering despondency in the face of death. It was only the general state of nervous agitation, misery and lack of vital sensation under which I was laboring that I really suffered from. The idea of coming death was only a sort of depression of feeling, a sinking state of the consciousness, or at most it was only a dead lock in my thinking powers that made the one idea hang on me so persistently. I schooled myself to say, *This is my infirmity.* It is not uncomfortable thought about death—it is only an uncomfortable state of my nerves. This I resolutely coerced myself into thinking when these spells of worriment came over me. I said, I *know* I have got to suffer in my nerves; but I *will* not be deceived into believing that it is dread of the inevitable.

[In trying to think the right idea of death, while I could not feel it, I made much of man's constant exposure to it, every moment of his life. I saw that the fear of death was only God's necessary apparatus for the preservation of life.]

[I made the decision on the truth of the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, and the importance of its salvation for eternity, to turn on the spirit accompanying the use of these forms or their negations. I saw them to be part of the *manner* of man's dealing with man. All are not equally in a position to adopt the same manner. Those who go into the vineyard equipped with what they regard as the most humane tool, should see to it whether the difference between them and others whom they condemn is not mostly that of opportunity. Otherwise, their excess of zeal in the wrong place may result in offenses.]

There were times when my meditations verged more upon what some might be disposed to consider the domain of insanity. My

overpowering feeling of present desolation and hopelessness in life for the future drove me to think lightly of the crime of suicide. I had reached that point of desperation long before, as I have already related. My whole habit of thought was to take my own judgment as my law, in my perfect consciousness of good intentions and good will towards the world. I often got quite in an exalted frame of mind over the thought of putting an end to all evils at one blow. I would picture to myself all the derangements of my present state, my miserable deficiencies and weaknesses—even unnatural weaknesses—and then imagine all this as wiped out and canceled at one blow. I sometimes felt that escape alone would be equal to effulgent glory, in my state of half-crazy exaltation. I remember indulging in this lofty style of pictured thought, sometimes alone by myself in the cool front parlor of the house on the corner, sometimes when I was out picking blackberries along the South Side Railroad, the grand climax of the phantasy coming between two berries from the same bush. Then I would sum up for the other side, imagine the deed as consummated, and conjure up the consequences—my mother in terror and anguish, her whole after-life made frightful by the nightmare of my crime; the memory of the deed in the common mind of the public; exposure of things that were yet hidden; finally, my own judgment on myself, which I give in another place. I had to admit that there were reasons for waiting. I might be a nuisance to my mother and others, but the other thing seemed more grave than a nuisance.

I once set about writing a dissertation on death and wasted lives, etc., to be left behind. I was at work at it up-stairs in my bed-room one day when my uncle, Rev. R. D. Kirby, of Hempstead, was there. Little did he dream, when I met him at the supper-table, the idea that had been busying my miserable brain. There was one thing that seemed to trouble me more than any other in dealing with the subject of death. A belief in a personal immortality—an individual existence hereafter—I did not deem necessary; at least, that must be belief or feeling, and not knowledge. But the individual memory cut short—blotted out—there seemed to be a loss there that I could not reconcile myself to without some effort. It was to the belittling of this unknown buried inner memory that I mostly intended to devote the composition I was working on at that time. [My recollection of frequent and fretful musings on the world's ignorance of the truth of my soul-life as the source of its sinning against me is plainer than that of the special instigations to these musings.] I wrestled for awhile with the doctrine of transmigration of souls, and devoted the energies of my mind one day, I remember, when I was in an uncommonly agitated state of the nerves, to deciding whether I could reasonably think of myself as being born again as an infant (that is, in any and all infants) after I should die. I never was satisfied with the doctrine.

The subject of sin was one I felt sure the world had always made itself a fool over. They speak of sin, I said, as if it were the choos-

ing of the bad. Now nobody chooses what is bad *to him*. He always acts for good. Even murders for revenge, or in retaliation for insults, are done for the salvation of the soul from the damnation of dishonor. To be sure, some kinds of acts are hard to be looked at as anything but wrong in every point of view; but then that is because the actors are on a different moral plane from the one judging. Even you who judge them perpetrate acts without thought of wrong which some others would look at as unlawful. [The thief, for instance, acts in accordance with a faith of his own. The thieves' guild simply hold a larcenous form of religion. To them the weak scruplers for meum and tuum are infidels.] In fine, I took as the only tenable position, in treating of sin, this: that the distinction between acts sinful and righteous arises only from the setting up of a standard—an ideal in the mind. We know what we would like to do if we could live as we would, and departures from this ideal standard are sins, whether we take them as preventable or involuntary. In one sense they are all fore-ordained and inevitable. As to the past, that is the right view. But as to the future—that which is coming into being, and which will take its form according to the same influences that brought forth the events of the past—that is not to be fatalistically regarded, because we have the elements in our power that are to shape it; namely, our own wills, under the light we have in the shape of beliefs, sentiments, knowledge of facts, etc.

Now, applying this to myself, I asked myself, How is it with me as to my liability to sin? I felt that I would like to live on good terms with all the world, take my proper share of the burdens of society, take part in the concerns of humanity, and infringe on no one. I was and am, and must from my very nature be, fond of peace and concord. In those self-examinations I was always carried away to the conception of myself as I had imagined I ought to have been, in deciding on the necessities of sin. "If I were as strong in mind as I am now weak, as capable as I am now inefficient," so reasoned I, "I could feel a security against falling into serious sins. I should then be fitted for acting among the rest of mankind as one of them; and if I should meet with difficulties, opposition or enmity, I could overlook it, and bear it with magnanimity in my settled faith in myself. But now? I know I cannot move among men without offending them; I feel that I am an unpleasant idea; at least, I cannot get hold of it otherwise. Therefore sin, with me, means association with man. Then, as to sins against me, my memory is my chart. I know that I am exposed to things which I would be exempt from if in a more wholesome condition. I know, too, that it is impossible for me to meet these things otherwise than with a kind of exertion of mind to throw off the impression which some would call anger, resentment. It is useless to tell me I ought to submit to the feeling of abiding indignity. Debasement is not good in itself, but bad, and to allow it to stay would be a desecration of soul—a dishonor. It is true I ought not to feel insulted or humbled from such causes, but that I am is due to my condition. If I were in a state to bear these things with

magnanimity and equanimity, I should be in a state in which I was not exposed to the offense and would not have it to bear."

[It is certain that *something* must be done when the equilibrium of the mind is thus affected. The only safe way is to avoid burning incense to the enemy. Know your own image in making the sacrifice (salting with fire), not the enemy's, or you will make over your soul to him. By enemy, I mean any one who does what your will is set against.]

(As I have seemed to trench somewhat upon the domain of theology, perhaps there would be no harm in introducing my present opinions on religion in this place. They may be thus summed up: After a man comes to understand the necessities of creation (and there is a necessity, or there could be no knowledge, and if no knowledge, no man), he will conceive of the Creator as present with his soul, as his Judge or Saviour. His present body will lose its senses and be dissolved, but that in which and for which he lives will never perish. What he fulfills remains forever in God's eternal world. There is a communion of like minds forever—saints with saints, and sinners with sinners. The satisfying, substantial feeling of assured salvation or future existence has a psychological basis. It comes from habits of mutual assent, harmony of professed opinions among brethren. But all the ecumenical councils and consecrated writings in the world could not secure the supporters of irrational doctrines from ultimate consignment to the hell of fools and the blind.

The manner of his immortality man must be willing to leave to God. To fulfill a worthy end is heaven—to be wrong and sin is hell. Suffering may be the punishment of sin, but to the wise it will be seen to be as much the index and corrective of sin. The commission of sin is the penalty of being wrong—wrong in heart, spirit, belief, or any other way. There is no more horrible sin than the upholding of false and irrational doctrines. When such doctrines are established, and the opposition cowed into moral subjection, sin reigns supreme. It is tasting malice and pronouncing it to have the flavor of holiness. The Church is established to furnish the means, to smooth the way, to right living. When it connects holiness with belief in contradictions, it becomes an obstruction. But doctrines that are not pleasing to the unreasoning mind imbued with false habits, or which do not furnish sufficiently strong intrenchments for the polemically inclined, are liable to be cried down as heresies. The kernel of truth may be kept, but it will be enveloped in a husk of myth to suit shortsighted and superficial minds. Why not have two grades of religion,—a gnostic religion for consistent and impartial thinkers, and a paganized religion, with a semi-fabulous gnostic for its head, for the unthinking and emotional?)

[There seems to be something lacking yet in the above formulation, and I will make an addition by postscript. The words relating to works fulfilled may be good enough so far as they go, but we must look deeper. I find myself returning to one of the points brought out in my solitary musings of the earlier days, as usual. I used to

feel a repugnance for the doctrine of "no salvation out of Christ," or before Christ. I used to contend inwardly that souls were saved as God made them, and that there was the same righteousness before Christ's time that there was after, and consequently the same claims before the judgment. But I now see that this leaves out of the account the main determining force in the soul's motions. It is a question of the individuality of memories spoken of in Chapter VI, page 56. In order to justification there must be a faith in God's anointed ideal of man. This must have become a real memory, and if we are not touched by one we will be by another. Before Christ was accepted by the Roman world, the existing sacred memory was that of the pagan gods, and we know that that religion had no barriers to immoralities, and that holiness was not one of its necessary concomitants. Every religion is an integral thought-memory, and can never get rid of any of its constituent ingredients without yielding up its soul. A common memory in the world, of an event exhibiting the law of the soul's workings, necessarily becomes the universal religion of the world. As to sin, I think the new idea is to be that of its justification—yet not without the damnation of the sinner. Sin is itself the darker portion of the outcome of the judgment living in the mind of man. A thorough modification in that judgment at once bears its fruits in a corresponding influence on works.]

There were some little things that happened to me the first year after I left the farm which became, as it were, a kind of sample to me of what I must continue to expect, and the memory of which had more influence over my action in after time than I was aware of myself, no doubt. I think there would be little objection to their being related in this place, in the sacred interests of truth and the instruction of man. When I was around the city thinking I might get employment, I called on one of my old acquaintances, who was then in a store. I talked with him a few minutes at that time. I called in again a short time after, when I was told by the proprietor that the gentleman I had called to see was not in. There were a number of men present in the store, salesmen, and it became apparent to me that they were trying to exhibit an offensive demeanor towards me, or perhaps it would be as true to say that they were moved to make a derisive demonstration against me. At all events, all, with perhaps the exception of the proprietor, and the notable exception of one gentleman who got me the card of my old acquaintance (he was shortly going into business for himself at another place), stood with contortions of countenance, which was perhaps laughter, until I retired. If I were speaking of another person I might simply say he got laughed out of the store. But such things as these are not easy to manage when you happen to be yourself the victim, particularly if you have self-esteem, or an any way delicate sense of honor. I found it hard to consign to forgetfulness. At first it lay dormant—but it would come up, and I must confess I had hard feelings, even revengeful feelings, towards the actors. Another thing happened the same fall.

I went to the Great American Tea Store, and standing at the counter was noticed by one of the clerks, an Irishman, who came to me and said, "I always wait on the little boys first," and, as I took no notice of the remark, seemed so determined that his words should not be lost on me that he repeated them, with the addition, "*like you.*" As before, it produced no immediate effect; but it afterwards rose and rankled in my memory, and I was not able to keep clear of imagining vindictive things. In fact, to tell the truth, in both cases I felt that blood would have been sweet to me. I seemed to have no other way of getting past the difficulty. But as to past events I was always willing to let it rest, so long as I found myself able to keep off the subject.

My mode of thinking on these incidents no doubt had in it much of the character of insanity. It was only the continued growth of the seed of hate planted in me long before, in the way I have shown. The effect was that I got settled down into the fixed idea that contact with the thoughtless evil world, in my state of body and mind, would impose upon me the necessity of committing crime in vindication of my honor. I never had much patience with the doctrine upheld by some, that if you get your hand in the lion's mouth (or if growled at by a dog, I suppose), you must go softly and not irritate him. "No!" I said, "that is a coward's doctrine—a slave's. I am not of the race of dogs, nor will I put myself on all-fours to whine, bark or growl back; but I *could* punish a dog." The trouble with me was, I suppose, that I let one trait in the human character take too much space in my survey of the field. I let these bloody memories tinge my whole mind, and all its anticipations and resolutions for the future.

It is of no use to go into lengthy discussion on determining influences. I was in a state of living destruction as the result of sin, and had to bear the pains and penalties inherent in that state. These things lie within the borders of hell. It would, no doubt, have been safer and wiser to have directed all the energies of my mind, when I was clear of the presence of the evil that is in the world, to the cultivation of an ideal of universal good-will and forgiveness. I did philosophize on the necessity of things far enough to see a justification even for what I felt as evil against me; but it could go but a little way towards rectifying my manner of responding to it. "I see," I said to myself, in substance, "that these galling collisions are the natural penalties of being imperfect. It could not be otherwise, unless the bad or worthless were judged in the common mind of man as equal with the good and perfect. This is the mode of the execution of the eternal decree condemning what is bad to repression and extinction. All of God's decrees depend for their execution on the instincts and insight of the common mind of humanity." But this philosophizing did not help me to a practical forgiveness, even of what I might, judging myself from a stand-point above myself, pronounce to be only what I, or such as I, deserved. The trouble about carrying this philosophical spirit into action can be seen, I think, without much difficulty. I had to feel that I was acting out a

character which my instincts approved. Now I had examined the character of harmless non-resisting innocence with which I had set out from a child, and had condemned it. If negatively good, it was full of positive dangers and exposure to evil. I felt that a tincture of rudeness in me in the beginning would have saved me from worse things in the end. So, feeling thus (not merely saying so, or thinking so), I inevitably shunned the course of meek, forgiving submission, and turned off upon an orbit where a more warlike spirit was the governing force. [It might be simpler to say that I liked the stimulus of anger better than the derangement of my feelings from affronts. The scales are always balancing, and must turn to the side that pleases the best at the moment. My satisfaction with the state of my soul was never great enough to stand much loading on the wrong side of the scales.] It was a manifestation of the trait in man that gave rise to the code of honor, and which, on a lower plane, impels to all deeds of vengeance and retaliation. It is an evil manifestation, but the principle compelling it is not itself evil. To avoid it you have got to have insight enough to satisfy that principle in a lawful way. It will not be put off with neglect; for it is *buck* of the man who acts, and will drive him in spite of himself.

As to forgiveness, I thought of that inculcated duty, and disposed of it very summarily. It was as if I said: "Go away from me with your nonsense about forgiveness! I would like to forgive everything that is done, and get away from it; but that is not what is mine to forgive. It is only my own spirit that I am compelled to condemn if I cannot forgive it"—and I could not forgive myself for submitting to a sense of indignity, when I could raise myself above it by mentally crushing down the image of the person standing in my light. The fact is, it was not my *priilege* to exercise a magnanimous, forgiving spirit. I did not deserve it. And if I had deserved it I should not have had the same occasions for using it. Hell develops itself as much on one side as on the other. The devils show themselves only as fast as doomed souls are furnished.

[I would not attempt to palliate my bloodthirsty imaginations. Still, it may be as well, for the prevention of misconceptions, to say that I never took one step toward putting any design thence arising into execution. I had no designs. I never armed myself, or, in fact, went any further than to rehearse the drama of revenge in my own mind. The pistol I bought was one which I would not have trusted for a moment to carry for the purpose of self-defense. I have thought that my dwelling on murder may have arisen from a perception of the necessary ultimate goal of angry feelings at their first appearance. Nevertheless, the events on the farm show that my wickedness was not altogether of a mimic kind, and I will not attempt to escape righteous judgment. Some may question the application of the term, "code of honor," as above, where there was nothing but the instincts of the assassin.]

[There was another point of doctrine which I evolved and reflected on in those days, which it seems but justice to myself to state, in

company with the others, since I made it the arbiter of my communion and the foundation of my eternal hope. I thought that I had reasoned far enough to see that all doctrines relating to the soul and its judgment could be settled by *demonstration* in a manner so exact that any reasonable person could see that there was no chance to stray to the one side or the other without plunging into absurdities. "This," I said, "will be the way the Church that is to stand will be built. It may not be established for ages yet, but it cannot fail, and I am sure that I have seen its outlines. That is the only Church with which I care to have a connection. I shall not see it or do anything towards building it, but when it comes there will be my place." Little did I dream that I was marked out to become the occasion of a convulsion of human nature such as a few more years brought me to. My opinions on the rational foundation as the only safe one have only been strengthened by later experiences. I do not wish to be saved among those who labor to impose what they do not know on their neighbors, but among those who are willing to stay upon the foundation of naturalness and the natural. I will not dispute but that both will be saved; but I have my own belief about which is the most likely to be saved by the true judgment to lasting reproach.]

There are other things in the way of abuses which I must not leave untouched. I used to make many resolutions about regularity in habits of eating which I found myself powerless to keep. A sense of depression and vacuity would come over me, aggravated by my solitary, monotonous life, I presume, and often by an obstructed state of the alimentary organs, and I would find myself committing irregularities and excesses for the purpose of reaching a sense of stimulation, as a drowning man will clutch at anything to keep his head above water. It is a common feature in insanity, or semi-insanity, left to itself, I think. I also exerted my brain to the extent of abuse, I know, in the way of study, and often under a similar prompting to that just spoken of. I used to study Latin for a pastime, and often kept cudgeling my brains over Cicero and Cæsar until the top of my head was very sore. This solitary immersing of an enfeebled mind in study, with obliviousness to myself and all surroundings, was no doubt a help towards the grand consummation that took place in the fullness of things.

The last two or three years in Jamaica—winters especially—I suffered a good deal from bodily ailments. My liver seemed to be thoroughly out of order and torpid. I had a feeling of hardness and inflammation in my sides regularly a certain length of time after meals; digestion was bad, appetite irregular; in fact, every sign of a dead lock in the vital functions.

CHAPTER V.

I will now pass on to my removal to the village of Hempstead, and consider the change in my fortunes thus brought about. This took place in the spring of the year 1871. As an indication of my sanitary condition at the time, I will give one incident. When my mother was making preparations for moving she asked me to help in packing up some chairs. I made an effort to apply myself to the task, but suddenly found myself overcome by my feelings, and before I knew what I was about I had shivered one of the chairs to fragments. A most unpromising omen! The fact was that I was, and had been for some time, in a state which any physician knowing the facts would have pronounced to be unmistakable insanity. But I had different ideas about what constituted insanity, and often thought to myself that if I did get put into an asylum, as had been threatened, they would not keep me, because they would see I was perfectly rational. I have learned more about the subject since.

Things of the kind I have told of had happened to me before, at uncertain intervals, during several years—an obstructed state of the bowels often bringing on a turn. I would get into such a condition of exaggerated discomfort as to lose for a moment, or sometimes quite a spell, my control over my actions, and act very strangely. Sometimes I dashed down an article I happened to have in my hands, or demolished the first thing that came to hand; sometimes I gave vent to my feelings by grating my teeth, "clawing" my face, and going through strange grimaces and agonizing contortions. My face seemed to me to be paralyzed when I had such turns, as if lifeless. The worst thing I ever did was when I flew at my mother in a sudden access of frenzy one day, when she had wrought upon my feelings by talking to me irritably, and *bit* out a mouthful of her hair. She, in her ignorance, held me accountable for the deed; but the truth was, as I told her, that I had no control over my members at all at the moment. I had no active anger against her. When I was committed to the asylum at a later day it was reported as one of my symptoms that I had had delusions about my mother being my enemy, etc., but nothing could be further from the truth. I was part of the time in such a state of highly wrought nervous sensibility that I was deprived of self-control as if by the turning of a crank or the pressure of a spring, and I had been galled by her expressions of impatience. She had enough to put up with, poor woman, to call them forth. I often grieved in secret over my inability to be a stay and a protection to her, bereft as she was of all other support; but all in vain—there was no way for me to help myself.

After I had reached Hempstead and fully received the impression

of my new surroundings I was taken with a fit of the most profound melancholy. The change had a perfectly overwhelming effect on me, and it seemed as if my despondency knew no bounds. The house was a tolerably pleasant one, and in what, to a person in a healthy state of mind, would have appeared a quiet, retired neighborhood; but to me it was as if I had been thrown into a bed of nettles. I missed the free space around me, and the open country and woods which I had enjoyed at my former place of abode. In my new home I was in one of a row of houses, with strangers living near on both sides, and the sense of the presence of the evil which I had shrunk from so long weighed down upon me with crushing weight. After awhile my spell of hypochondriacal despondency passed off, and I settled down into the way of living which I adhered to as long as I remained in Hempstead. As to getting acquainted with my neighbors, or having any intercourse or dealings with them, that was altogether out of the question. I let them and everybody in the village alone. My mother was best qualified to attend to her shopping, and I occupied myself, when I felt like it, in fixing up the yard and planting and taking care of my garden. I had been miserable enough before—the difference was that I now had more of the feeling of constraint, from the knowledge that I was moving under the eyes of people who were stranger to me than the strangest of the strange could be to a person of the ordinary stamp. Sometimes I heard remarks which did not affect my feelings flatteringly; but that was not common at my first place of residence, in Fulton Street.

Along in June I had a worse spell than common, of the kind of nervous stagnation, or will-impotence, of which I have spoken (I suppose medical men would call it a paretic seizure), and perpetrated some quite irregular acts before my fetters became slackened. In my despair I tore the collar from my shirt, tore the slippers I was wearing, dashed my fist into a tempting dish which my mother was offering me to tempt me to eat, and other things of the kind. The house we occupied was owned by a maiden lady, who lived, with her sister, in part of the house. One of these ladies happened to be a witness of some of these symptoms. (I feel that it is no more than right, in this place, to give expression to my regret that I should have been the means of disturbing the peace of mind of these worthy persons. I have no doubt they felt more or less uneasy in mind the whole time I was there, after it had become apparent what a sad state of mind I was in.) In the evening, after the other sister returned, who had been absent during the day, I overheard a few words which showed plainly enough that the events of the day were being discussed in no very gratified humor. It was evident that my acts were severely reprobated. I understood the words (I would have said), "John, if you're sick," uttered in a tone which showed that the speaker was giving energetic expression to the opinion that my mother ought to have made me, or I ought to have had sense enough to, keep quiet if I felt bad—not tear and break things for spite. I lay in bed when I heard the sounds of their animated con-

versation in the distance. I felt sorry, but I did not think of any remedy. I ought to say I very likely thought of *one* remedy; but those thoughts seem to have left a different impression on my memory from the ordinary, so that it is not possible for me to go back and dwell on them as I can on more innocent things. I cannot call up those thoughts with the same sense of a present reality that I can such as had not the prompting of desperation. They are ghosts among the tangible bodies of my calmer thought-memories.

The next day, as I was out attending to my garden, a gentleman came to me and introduced himself to me as Ebenezer Kellum, justice of the peace. He said that he had heard that I was in the habit of getting into a passion with my mother and acting very violently—said that he had been requested to see me and talk to me. He gave me some advice and admonition, reminded me that transgressions would lay me liable to punishment; also mentioned the possibility of insanity, in which case, he said, the asylum was the proper place. I denied the allegation concerning flying into a passion *in toto*, told him I knew of nothing of the kind having happened. I admitted that I sometimes suffered, and under the effect of it did things which I would rather not do. He left me with a remark about hoping that he should hear better things of me, if I remember rightly, and I feel tolerably sure that I returned the grim hint—probably not noticed by him—“You’ll hear from me before many days”; but this is one of the places where memory loses its distinctness. That day passed off quietly. It took some time for the wound I had received to begin to rankle. But it was a thing that was not to be carried long in my memory without bitter rumination. It will be inquired, Was there anything offensive in the words of Squire Kellum? I seem to remember telling myself, over and over, that he meant well, and if he made an erroneous charge against me, it was because he was under a mistake, and did not know me. The offensiveness lay in the way in which the correction received came in conflict with the idea of myself which I had cultivated so long and so sacredly, like the consecrated head of a Nazarite. I am only chronicling facts, not defending myself, and the simple truth is that the idea of being dictated to was more than I could endure and keep quiet under it. The dragon’s tooth of reprimand that had been left in my mind grew into a monster in whose presence I found it impossible to live, and I had a fresh access of despair.

It was a hot June morning; I remember seizing a razor and flourishing it, and saying, “Show me that rascal and I will slaughter him,” or to that effect—meaning, of course, Squire Kellum. If I remember rightly, I had formed my resolution, and this was only a paroxysmal outburst—a protest of nature against carrying out the commands of my will. I had so long dwelt upon the idea of using a pistol for the purpose of suicide when the time should come, that I now turned to that mode as a matter of course. I had a pistol which I had purchased for the express purpose in the fall of the year 1868, when visiting the city. (I bought it of a man who kept a stand in Fulton

Market. He seemed to want to make a secrecy of the thing; drew back and said in a stealthy voice, "Yes, a nice little pocket pistol, a very handy thing to have." I said, with a manner which was intended to be indifferent, "Oh, it's nothing but a plaything.") During all this time I had been wavering between "Can I stand it longer?" and the pistol. I had thought myself very near the fatal crisis many times, but as long as I could I waited. It happened that I had no powder or caps for the pistol in Hempstead—what I had had in Jamaica having belonged to my brother's outfit, and been sent home before we left there. I did not like to go to the village stores for my ammunition, so I took a walk some distance out, and bought what I wanted at two different country stores. On my way back in the afternoon, after I had spent quite a pleasant day (externals considered, at least), regaling myself on cherries on my way, just out of the village there were some men in a field hoeing corn. They looked at me as I passed. Perhaps they had heard something about me, and recognized me. Be that as it will, one of them laughed loud and mockingly, and then cried out in a sort of squealing way, the intention of which could not be mistaken. This was another lock torn from the sacred head of my self-esteem, and it will readily be understood that it was a weight in the balance when it poised again on the point, "Is it possible to wait?" I stopped at my uncle's, in the village, and there played my first game of croquet, and the last, with the exception of once at the asylum, in company with a young man named Neyle, whom I understood to make a covert remark in derision of one of my bad shots.

I passed the next day in brooding, silent melancholy. It was a rainy day, and in accord with my feelings. (It was St. John's, or midsummer day.) That night I took a bath in the kitchen after mother went to bed, and wrote a little statement to be left behind. I believe I had a kind of spasm of despair after I had got my "last words" put in shape, and sat in the kitchen before going to bed. I think I made some gestures expressive of my feelings.

It cannot be said that I plunged thoughtlessly into the gulf of self-murder. I had from the first gauged the responsibility I was taking on myself, as fully as my mind was capable of doing it. I felt the whole weight of the condemnation that rested upon me for committing such a deed. I often tried to make it lighter by comparing my fate with that of others. "Others have been where you are. When you have consummated what you have in mind you will be the same as they are now. You are now the one you know; after that they and you will be all the same thing." But I still knew, and acted from knowledge, and it could not be the same thing to me, for all my philosophizing. They had committed a horrible act, and lay under the condemnation of it. I would not have been indifferent about a suicide I did not feel. If it had depended on me, I would have prevented such a disgrace to humanity, even if I had not been the responsible one—though that is a contradiction. The fact of the business was, my mind could not find any way to go clear of it, except through

the impossible case of my preferring (what was to my mind) the worse to (what was to my mind) the better. Man cannot act so. It is as impossible as that two parallel lines should meet.

I cannot say that I slept as soundly as ever I did in my life that night; but I passed some part of the hours of the night in sleep. In the morning (it was Sunday, the 25th of June) my mother came to my door to see how I was, and I grasped her hand with a gesture of agonized despair. She took it as an indication that I was going to have one of my wild spells again, and, as she told me afterwards, began to anticipate some work of demolition after I should come down-stairs. After she had gone down, I went and took the pistol from the stand drawer, put on a fresh cap, got into bed again and propped up my head on the pillows, placed the muzzle of the pistol against the centre of my forehead and fired. The first sensation was that of a stunning blow, immediately followed by a loud ringing in my ears. I heard no report, as I should if the pistol had been discharged a little distance off. My attention was attracted the next instant to the pouring of blood over my face from the jagged wound made by the slug. I put my hand to my forehead, and felt the torn fragments of flesh or scalp sticking up around the wound. Mother came running up-stairs, and found me sitting up in bed, very weak and feeling ready to faint, bleeding from a gaping wound in my forehead. But I need not dwell on unimportant particulars. The elongated slug with which the pistol had been loaded was found under the head of the bed, flattened out so that it had not a trace of its original shape, having glanced off upwards from the bone of the forehead. Although the concussion was not sufficient to cause insensibility, even for an instant, I supposed at first that the injury would be sufficient to cause death in a short time. Almost my first words to Dr. Rushmore were to ask whether I would "get through" it easily? meaning, would it cause death without lingering suffering, which I dreaded. After the doctor had attended to the wound and pronounced it not dangerous, and I was left alone, I thought of the expedient of cutting the arteries of my arms, and eyed a pocket-knife lying on the bureau for some time, wavering on a resolution to get up and get it. But I thought, "This is enough to finish me as it is—it will not be long." Besides, a change had come over my feelings, the bleeding had relieved my overcharged nerves, and the thought of what was to be my fate or reputation if I should get out into the world again was not sufficient to outweigh the fact that for the present I could endure and wait. I will not linger to tell how I starved a day or two, expecting an issue of which there was no danger, then got up and went on as of old, tending my garden with bandaged forehead, no doubt an object of greatly increased interest to my neighbors. There were some steps taken towards getting me into an asylum after my abortive attempt at suicide; but as there were difficulties about it, and I appeared to be perfectly sensible and rational, my relatives concluded to let it rest. The Misses Rushmore felt disappointed, however, and I cannot blame them.

From the time of my shooting to the next spring there was not much that deserves mention. How were my thoughts about suicide? It must be said that I had not totally renounced the idea. I continued in the same state of nervous desolation, verging on the unendurable, and I used very often to scan the beams in the woodhouse and the coils of clothes line hanging in the garret. I expected it would come to that, at least I cherished the idea in my despairing thoughts; but the thought of dying by strangulation was always horrifying to me. I may mention that the idea of suicide was so prominent in my mind that I once told my mother, some time that winter, when I was out of patience: "I made a failure that time, but you wait! You'll see yet!" I cannot give a better estimation of the intensity of my nervous sufferings at times, than to repeat what I told my mother once. I told her that if I knew that I was going to be dragged out of the house (by a horde of fiends), and killed, the immediate prospect of such a fate could not have the effect of causing greater nervous agitation than I had been suffering that very day. The old difficulty of giving way under the effect of slighting or displeasing demonstrations from others remained as bad as ever. I remember once I was so wrought on by some trifling thing said or done by one of my relations, that I kicked out the bottom of a cane-seat chair I was resting my feet on, in a sudden paroxysm of impotent emotion.

There was a little episode just before we removed to Clinton Street that was characteristic of my condition at the time, and is worth telling: Under the weight of my misery from my broken-down nerves, I was driven to things which look somewhat ludicrous when calmly contemplated. One Sunday afternoon mother had gone to a funeral and left me alone in the house. While she was gone I made an attempt to poison myself, as I looked on it at the time; but which appears to me now as ridiculously insufficient, considering the means employed. There was a bottle of a strong tincture of garden valerian of my own making, and some pure alcohol, in a closet in the kitchen. I emptied these bottles and went to bed. Now, thought I, all I have to do is to lie here and await the end. I lay for three days refusing food, but the end would not come. I found that after three days' starvation it became harder to hold to my first resolve, Nature's voice making itself heard when the drain on the tissues of my body began in earnest; and I got up and tried life again, partook of nourishment, and went to see about the garden at the new place and make a beginning at the season's horticultural labors.

[It was my intention, when I began to write this sketch of my life, to give the greatest prominence to that part beginning with my troubles in Clinton Street; that is to say, the period of confirmed lunacy, with hallucinations, according to the world's avowed decision; but it appears at present that my project is not to go into fulfillment. I have been greatly delayed in doing as much as I have by lack of strength. I cannot apply myself to writing for an hour or two without an increase of soreness in my chest, and I almost always raise blood after it. I had a dream the other night which I interpreted as a warning. I

was about going at some job of work, and as I went out of the house where I lived to proceed to the place I met Dr. Cleaveland. I told him what I was thinking of doing. He made no objection at the time; but when, after some time spent in preliminary preparations, I repaired to the place where I was going to work, which was at the corner of the house, where there was a cistern, I found him there ahead of me with a legal injunction duly made out, by which I was forbidden to do as I had intended. He then directed my attention to a loose, defective stone at the corner. I often take hints from my dreams, and either as the effect of this, or on better grounds, I have concluded to let the early history of my mania lie for the present, and try to put what I have already produced in some presentable shape. Perhaps the cistern stood for the receptacle of my memoirs, which I thought of emptying. The corner-stone is what I have been striving to lay (or remove, if you prefer), in this little autobiographical essay, to which I have given the title suggested by Isaiah, xxx, 33, of "The Piling of Tophet."]

To make the account which I have given as full an exhibition of my condition at the time my hallucinations (if such) appeared, I will note some further defects in my mental action which I had noticed up to this time. First, two or three things indicating original lack of control over the brain by the will, or non-identification of my will with the action of my brain, and which must count for predispositions. I have been troubled from boyhood with a tendency of my brain to see things it ought not to see in what is placed before my eyes. This refractoriness does not extend to all kinds of monstrous visions, but is limited to the singling out of the lineaments of the human face in the outlines of objects seen. The annoyance I have experienced from this has varied greatly, according to the state of my health. When I used to be sick with the fever and ague, I would lie in bed and gaze at the coarsely-daubed window-shades in my bedroom, until I had made out every possible kind of a profile that could be distinguished. I might express it by saying that I am naturally endowed with the unfortunate gift of seeing St. Anthony's nose in a crooked mark sooner than most people. It does not trouble me excessively at the present time. I saw it mentioned in an obituary notice of a lady of some social distinction, that in her old age she had the apparition of faées all around her—not frightful, but a variety, as in nature. This was unmistakably the same thing I have been troubled with myself, the distinguishing of the expression of features in lines actually seen. The other of the two most serious abnormal peculiarities is the supplying of missing articulations to vocal sounds, heard but not understood distinctly, so as to give my mind the impression of certain words, at the same time that I knew I had not understood. Sometimes I have been really cheated in this way, and only found it out by inquiring afterwards. This might not give conclusive proof of the deception, it is true. Not to violate privacies, I will illustrate supposititiously. If it were proclaimed aloud, far enough from me to allow the inflections, but not

the articulations, to reach my ear with certainty: "We see where lies the dreadful secret!" my mind might involuntarily and instantaneously reshape it in such a way that I would understand: "Deceive where lies were ever sacred!"

My attention was always quite easily disturbed by noises, particularly talking. In boyhood, the sound of voices in conversation at a little distance after I had retired to rest often gave me very serious annoyance, showing excessive irritability of the brain.

After my nervous sufferings had become chronic, I began to be troubled with other aberrations in the working of mind worse than either of the two given above. One was a difficulty in getting rid of the image of people in my mind, or the impression left from seeing or meeting them. I do not think it best to enter into a minute description. Suffice it to say that they were excessively annoying—enough so to make life a misery. Such was my mental state on the eve of my being overtaken by a more marvelously awful fate than ever fell to the lot of mortal man.

[After getting as far as this with my first copy, in pencil, on second-hand brown and white wrapping paper, I proceeded to copy it in ink, in pursuance of my decision to put it in some presentable shape. Then, finding myself equal to renewed efforts, I began afresh, as in the next chapter.]

CHAPTER VI.

My original purpose was to begin with my first domiciliation at Mrs. Montfort's, in Clinton Street, and to follow the incidents having a bearing on my mental fortunes with tolerable minuteness, in an unbroken chain, up to the time of my reaching that wonderful state in which I have existed for the last six and a half years. I might have made this Part II, with the title of "The Burning of Tophet; or, The Trespass Offering." I do not find the spirit moving me to the execution of my purpose in that shape, however. I seem to have a dislike for meddling with personalities in the way that would require—a dislike which I have felt, in its present intensity and as touches my present enterprise, only since my dream of Dr. Cleaveland and his injunction. I shall therefore be obliged to confine myself more to generalities, and discuss merely the possibility of the kindling of Tophet, and how. Hitherto I have been on my own ground. I spoke of things I certainly knew, and which could not be questioned; but here I come to more debatable territory, on which I and the rest of the world have until this present been at variance. I will, in deference to the other side, make use of the word *believe* in stating facts drawn from the region of my memory lying within this shadowy world.

I will be permitted to say, therefore, that I *believe* that after settling down in the before-mentioned place my brain was, by the gradual progress of events occurring naturally and according to the ordinary course of human affairs, drawn into relations to the living actors around me of an altogether unexampled kind—at all events, different from anything plainly recorded in the annals of past ages. I *believe* that the final result of such relations was the superinducing of a state of mental intercommunication through the medium of my sense of hearing. I believe that persons living near me, or happening to be in that quarter, became sensible of impressions in their own minds at the moment of the emission of speech in my hearing, which impressions or ideas arose from an influencing of *my* cerebral organism by its becoming the recipient of the sounds of such vocal speech; and that after this discovery they, partly of necessity and unavoidably, and partly from natural inclination and for the gratification of their own desires, did perpetuate and confirm this state of mental intercommunication, and that it has continued, with some remissions, and perhaps entire intermission or cessation once or twice for a short interval, up to the present day.

But this is a very old story, and merely a restatement of the perfectly well-known features of my alleged monomania. Let me pass on, and give, as well as I am able, my own theory on which I explain

these phenomena, which may have more interest. It is a question of personal identification. How does a man use his own brain? He can use it because it recognizes the actions of his members [and those only] as belonging to the personal unit of which it forms [and has always formed] the summit. Now the question is, cannot a human brain, under certain circumstances, become so perverted as to recognize for itself, and without the volition of its bearer, the acts of other individuals as belonging to its life—as falling within its own memory? And if so, would not those individuals become partakers of the intellectuality of that brain, *know* its conceptions and ideas while it thus recognized their motions, and become able to share its walks and ways? Such I believe to have been the result in myself, from the towering height of disintegration reached by my mental organism by the gradual process which I have endeavored to faintly shadow forth in the preceding five chapters.

What conditions would be most likely to expose a brain to such a betrayal into foreign hands? I will enumerate a few which seem to me to have a tendency in the evil direction.

I. Disconnection from the will of the individual. I have shown that this condition obtained in my own case in a remarkable degree, insomuch that I was terribly tortured by things which I myself saw ought to be contemptibly trivial.

II. An excited, intense state of the brain, in conjunction with general nervous debility, giving the brain a preponderance of force which there was not a governor for within. This I have shown I had fairly cultivated by over-exertion in solitary study, and still worse, by giving way to passion in an imaginative, unpractical form, as the remedy for offenses felt.

III. Separation from the assumed appropriators of the disloyal action of the brain, so that their acts are apparent while they remain out of the field of vision as personal entities. This would be necessary, because if the actor were himself recognized as confronted with the owner of the preternatural brain, there would be a separation at once, a distinguishing of a foreign self, so that the deception (in the will-less brain) amounting to a coalescence of personality could not take place. This is the one particular which my circumstances (location and surroundings) at the time of the rise of these phenomena favored to a degree that could scarcely have been heightened if a set of arrangements had been contrived with this express end in view.

IV. We can safely assume, as another condition precedent, a direction of the ideas of the ungoverned head towards the supposed usurping powers, a habitual and confirmed state of exasperation and depreciation, at the same time that the real conscious attention of the individual could not be given in a degree sufficient to focus the said usurping, etc. I think no one can have read the preceding chapters without seeing this to have existed to a marvelous excess.

V. It might be necessary, in order to call the pre-existing elements into productive action, that there be a strong impression made on the head by aggressive, or at least irritating, demonstrations,

specially directed against the individual's sorest points, in such a way, however, as not to overstep the bounds imposed by condition III. If such was not the fact in my case, then I have no memory of facts, and on that head I think I shall have no dispute.

Supposing such a state of things to exist, is it an extravagant thing to believe that the exposed head might become functionally, under certain limitations, an appendage of its supposed investors? Let us imagine a head in the disjointed state we supposed as a prerequisite (Cond. I, II) becoming conscious of things calculated to strongly attract and excite (enrage) it, done by persons near. Now as long as that head was conscious of the presence and whole personality of its owner it could not be diverted from his control. But suppose that these irritating things were carried to so high a pitch, and so prolonged, that the brain became *solely* conscious of those demonstrations, and oblivious of its other surroundings and its owner's corporeal presence. Does it not seem a *necessary* result that its relation to those actors should become a different one from simply that of the head of a person under the same outward circumstances which should remain conscious of the personality of both contending parties; that is to say, of where it on the one hand has the connection of the sense of hearing alone, and of where it has the connection of a *felt* material continuity on the other? According to my theory, the moment the brain reversed its action and gave way to the blast as a separate organ, it would be felt and known at the point from which the impulsion proceeded.

But could those supposed conditions ever have existence? If I have not shown that I had long been moving further and further in the direction of the fulfillment of *all* the assumed conditions, then I will concede that they never could be fulfilled. Moreover, it is not necessary to imagine an entire deprivation of sense in the exposed individual, leaving the head the only conscious part of the body; but only a unity of the idea in the head with the action recognized by the head as going on outside of it—a traveling of the thought train on a foreign track, as it were. Supposing this, and supposing demonstrations brought under the cognizance of the individual owning the perverted brain, vigorously carried forward, and of such a kind as to be adapted to disconcert and paralyze a highly sensitive, weak-nerved person, does it not become entirely reasonable that the head, habituated as it was to responding involuntarily to such offenses, would be carried off the track which its owner as an entire entity could follow, and become so intimately connected with the external actors, that their action would propel and determine, unitally and immediately, the thought of the head; so that the thought could not be joined to the consciousness of the individual as an entire entity, but would be presumably liable to become the possession of the agents creating the thought? Would not such a process be analogous to that by which a person directs the thoughts of his own brain by the exercise of his will? The "demonstrations" supposed to take place would appear to be necessarily limited to such as reach

the consciousness through the ear, as no other kind could leave the actors sufficiently in the background to comply with Condition III.

Supposing, then, that the concurrence of all the favoring conditions set forth had had the effect argued to be possible, and that the discovery had been made, how far and in what degree would the semi-disconnected head become the appendage of those influencing it? We may safely conclude that this would be determined by the degree of intensity with which the attention of the will-less brain remained abstracted by the manifestations directed to that end, and the continuity of that abstraction. If the person exposed were able to recall himself to a consciousness of his own personality, he would thereby recover the control of the thoughts of his head, and the connection would be temporarily broken; and according as the influences abstracting the attention of the functionally isolated brain were maintained at a high pitch would the said brain be liable to yield to the distracting causes. Supposing particular kinds of demonstrations to have successfully had the effect of alienating the possession of the exposed head's ideas, is it not reasonable to conclude that the habit would be established, and that this particular class of demonstrations would continue to have a paralyzing and disabling effect on the exposed individual whenever and wherever met with? It seems to me conclusive that the memory of these things would remain associated with a loss of self-control as a *necessary* accompaniment.* Memory has its personalities. Our thoughts have a more sharply determined individuality and permanently abiding qualities than we know. We cannot think an old thought without calling back all its charms or blemishes, rags or jewels, stenches or ambrosia. It remains *one* while it lives.

It looks reasonable that in the first stage the connection of brain and connector would be limited to the time during which the sound received by it remained its only idea, or at least its strongest tie to outward things, with comparative forgetfulness of the corporeal presence of its owner; and that if the connecting were continued the influence of the connectors might become chronic, so as to remain more or less continuous, and the connection be renewed with greater and greater ease. It might also come to pass that the head might be wrought upon by foreign influences at the same time that the individual's attention was directed to something else, part of the action of the head being free to be wrought on through the ear, while its main attention was commanded by its owner for his own mental labor. After the head had been kept constantly connected outwardly for a long time, there might be such a voiding of its proper personality, and perversion to that which belonged to the non-me, that other symptoms might supervene. The conception of sexuality might have its

*That is, until the debt of nature is paid, the requisite process gone through for changing the habit, by the conversion of the passive into the active. That is just what I am working for in making this appeal to the public. I am Esau (No. III), the mouthpiece of the infidel opposition.

effect on the helpless head, and call new sensations into being, to be diffused through the spinal column and affect the whole nervous system. Such taking place, a new element is introduced, and the sexes henceforward become connectors under different conditions, the female sex becoming identified with the connected personality to a further extent than connectors of the male sex.

Such I *believe* to have been my fate. All these supposed contingencies I believe to have been accomplished in my own person. I could give extended evidence of all the steps by which the consummation was reached; but why labor to adduce evidence already in the hands of the other parties to the controversy, if true, and known to others better qualified than myself to testify? To them I leave it, hoping that a thorough clearing up of the mystery will be arrived at through my initiative in making these disclosures and reasonings. If there is a natural impossibility about it, I must be resigned to live my time out as I am allowed to live.

A FEW MORE REFLECTIONS.

A. Let us see whether it does not look probable that a mind in the habit of separating recognized aberrations from its own responsibility, considering them objectively, philosophizing on its own manner of working, driving the impotent and erratically acting part into a corner, as it were, would not be more exposed to such a fate as supposed than one acting unitedly, and right or wrong as a unit. It may not be susceptible of argument based on points of organic action; but it looks a plausible thing to me that the insane quality or element in such a brain might be acted on from without, and give itself up to such action, independent of the thinking will of that mind.* We might personify the disease existing in the brain and hard pressed by the brain's responsible owner, and imagine it as threatening him with a change of allegiance. "You drive me to the wall and would like to cast me out; but, let me tell you, you cannot live without me. You have got to give me a share in your councils, and let me have a voice in the governing of your conduct, or I will make an alliance with the first comer, and rebel against you." It is true that, under ordinary circumstances, the 999,999 out of the million, this would be more apt to lead to the rise of a delusional personification than to the actual appropriation of such diseased mind by external agents, and its union with their active wills. But let us further suppose some little abnormality about the original constitution, a predisposition from a slightly dislocated arrangement of mind-apparatus and sense-apparatus. Might not such a brain be so exposed through its ears, that persons shouting into it would act *immediately* upon it, without moving its bearer? In such a contingency what would become of the idea excited in that brain? We have supposed it to go amiss of the owner of the brain, by assuming that there is no separation between the hear-

*Only an application of the old belief in the casting out of devils.

ing and the thinking (or whatever the commotion might amount to, analogous to thought), that the person is not startled because he hears something, but that whatever struck the ear went further and *was* the thought. Would such a thought be telegraphed to the brain of the agent causing it, or not? Such, say I once more, I believe to have been the case with myself, and such to be the true nature and essence of the things which have constituted my insanity. I contend that my mind has been moved by, or has moved with, other wills, by the medium solely of the vibrations of ether constituting sound, and in no other way. I do not deny the fact of insanity, but I firmly believe that it is, and has been since the summer of the year 1872, an insanity involving the will, ideas and acts of more than one individual.

[It is no more than just to myself and my congenital constitution, to say that I do not put much faith in the theory of original cerebral dislocation above broached. I suppose the case, because I believe that I cannot do too much to put my argument on the ground of organic affection by sensible media. My insane relative on the farm used to believe in the existence of a kind of instrument which he called a "whistling-pipe," or mind-pipe. He said it was like a quill filled with quicksilver, and any person having one of these could, by wearing it next his skin, under his clothes, affect the minds of others at pleasure. At all events, that was his belief about the power made use of to afflict him. I do not intend to leave the impression with any one that I am contending for similar mystical conceptions. The "dislocation" in my head was a displacement through habit, a sort of januining, which allowed hard words to lodge there instead of passing through. And another thing, it was not the striking of sound-vibrations at all, but the conceptions awakened thereby, and their moral force, that was operative in effecting the connection of minds. Sounds would have no power to move if it were not for their associations. The noise of a lion's roar would not terrify if the animal were not known as connected with it. It is the same moral force that is operative within the individual man, as when he swears, for instance, or uses any "will-weapon." The same mind giving the inspiration recognizes the action it prompts, and moves before it, completing the circuit.]

B. I will append one more condition argued to favor the consummation contended by me to have taken place, giving it a subordinate rank, because it is rather mystical than physical. I am convinced it might be made more of as a sufficient cause for the making common of what ought to belong to one. Let us suppose a person to have been in the habit of lifting himself above the sphere of his own consciousness, and thinking of all things present to his senses in a manner as thoroughly impersonal as can be conceived of; thinking of himself as of another; constantly comparing his state, and the success or non-success of the efforts of his will, with the known acts and fate of others; counting himself, as it were, not as a *me*, but as one of a multitude of equivalent units; making all that is individual that

lies under the observation of the mind as objective as possible ; being driven to such a line of thought by miseries closing every other avenue. Would not this, if long continued, be apt to so isolate and estrange the head* from all of his organization that had not the power to will thought, and to so alienate it from the rest of his personality, as to make it more liable to feel a common self with what strikes it from foreign personalities ; thereby fulfilling perversely the condition first stated as prerequisite to the action of the brain as part of a "personal unit" ? This had become one of the fashions of my thinking,† as I have said when speaking of my reasoning on the responsibility of suicide. This particular line of thought, it will be readily perceived, needs the opportunity and encouragement of solitude. It could not be carried on under any other circumstances, and we may sum up the effect of almost total seclusion as being favorable, as a whole, to the superinducing of what is claimed to have existed and taken place.

C. I do not claim to possess the secret of the true mode of the brain's working, and am compelled to account for an abnormal result by supposing it to have arisen from some of various abnormal conditions, without pretending to define exactly which is the true and only efficient cause. In this I proceed as I have sometimes had to do in dealing with a mathematical problem. You can generally arrive at a solution by more than one route; but the preferable one is the one most simply stated and using the fewest figures. That decides whether weare to use sines and cosines or tangents and secants. I will try for another statement. Let us make it rest on the entanglement of the ideas of a will-less brain by voluntary agents. I have shown that I was at the mercy of circumstances, and liable to be tormented to any extent by any who should make use of the means presented. There remains only the question: If it should happen that those means should, by accident or premeditation, be employed where my thoughts could be kept agitated and entangled, while the actors were removed from my full observation, whether the actors in this agitation and entanglement might not become the propellers of the ideas in my head independent of my volition as a harmoniously acting unital organism, and if thus they, and not I, wholly propelled and made the train of ideas, would they not necessarily become participants in those ideas, know them as they know the thoughts of their own minds, and be able to continue the chain by the use of the same means which had grappled a link of it, as long as my brain should thus act independently of my will ? I have pointed at the predisposition in me which

* Mark the fact that the ancients located the seat of the mind, not in the head, but in the *breast*.

"*Sed caput esse quasi et dominari in corpore toto
Consilium quod nos animum mentemque vocamus.
Idque situm mediis regione in pectoris heret.*"

Lucretius, De Rerum Naturâ, III, 137.

† According to the frequent expressions of my monitors of the last seven years, "He is not himself—he only *thought* himself."

embodies, in my eyes, the germ of the whole thing. Why could I, why can any one, be teased? Because I could not get past the *word* thrown out. I grappled with it, crossed swords with it. Thrust hard enough, and your word sinks into my head, my thought into yours!

[D. I would ask, again, who has ever known the potentialities of exalted and excited sense to the commingling of souls? If it had not been that my brain suffered intensely from the touch of certain epithets and obloquies, and infallibly so, from confirmed habit, those phrases would never have become the means to others of a union of minds. It was super-excitation of the cerebral sense in me that was felt by others acting upon it. I might attempt a hypothesis founded on the consumption of tissue. Let us suppose a brain over-excited and with a defective circulation. Now if certain affronts, or other unfaceable things, striking it, should begin to produce an effect in exciting it from without, why would not the brain give up the results of its burning to the one it knew itself as acting under the impression of, the same as it does for its proper owner when its tissues are consumed by the process appointed for its exertion by him? This, I believe, is as near to a materialistic explanation as I can get.]

[E. I believe a state of mind might be superinduced, by disease and perverted habits, in which the simple reception of the image of another would be felt by that other, leaving out the contingency of direction of effort. I do not pretend to say where the alienation or mind-reflection began in my case. If it preceded the demonstrations in Clinton Street, it was part of the inspiration to them. If not, they were the means by which a new inspiration was first reached. What effect secret struggles with anticipated or assumed antagonists might have towards breeding in a head such a susceptibility as supposed, is a fair question. I have no self-seeking motives, and only labor to establish truth.]

[I have thought it might be of use to introduce something of nomenclature for the more compendious expression of various items which we have become acquainted with in our investigation. I have spoken of the will-less brain. I conceive the will-lessness, in my case, to have been to some extent predispositional. I refer the conceiving of false images in objects seen to this. It might be compared to an inverted reflection existing in conjunction with the refraction through the voluntary, thinking brain giving the healthy idea. This inverting or falsely reflecting feature might be termed *retromental*, and the brain considered as thus acting, taken separately (whether really local or otherwise, and I do not believe in phrenological localization) the retroverted brain or *retrocerebrum*. My ensnaring is due to action on the *retrocerebrum* by sound. It takes its quality, chameleon-like, from those acting before it within its sphere, and is exerted by their sensible maneuvers. I can act on it and undo what has been done only by occupying it indirectly through the same means—*i. e.*, impressing it by my own acts and speech, not relative to anything occupying it contemporaneously. (See “Soliloquy,” Chap. VIII.)

Although the auditory sense is the only medium of connection, there is a peculiarity about that sense after it becomes retromentally active that I have not fully dwelt on elsewhere. It is its extraordinarily heightened acuteness. It is nothing more than what we see to be the effect of long habit and practice in all cases, with an added intensification from a subvariety of passion or excitation.]

I speak under a disadvantage, for the reason that I am compelled, at the present stage of affairs, to leave subject to question that which is not so. I could not speak otherwise without making open war on those whom I address, and directly impugning their veracity and sincerity. I must start with what is conceded. It is not a question with me of what is true, but of what I can say consistently with respectful regard for my relations to the rest of the world. This is the only place where I deal with unknown quantities, and I only do so for the purpose of finding a way to an exact determination of their value.

[A demonstration might be found by still another path—by considering the varying levels of the different senses in an individual, and the intimacy of their connection with the central reservoir of perceptions, the brain. Were all on the same level—that is, were the perceptions through all equally potent to occupy the attention and thoughts—they would balance one another, and in the common diffusion of sense-impressions there would be no liability to an undue pressure being applied through any particular sense. But let the general equipoise be disturbed by the feelings acquiring a habit of strong absorption in perceptions through a single sense, while from the general debility of the mechanism of sense the impressions through the others continued faint, possibly at the same time affected by aberrations of the ideas depending on them, so as to give an increased insecurity of foothold in them, and who shall say that the sense into which the feelings of the individual had been gathered up, as in a bundle, could not be taken hold of from without and made a conductor—a new spinal marrow, as it were—through which to apply foreign will to his mind? This is the latest essay of all those here made for a statement of the *modus operandi* of mind-connection. It needs no extended exemplification or illustration.]

A DIFFICULTY DISPOSED OF.

It might still be asked: If such a thing had taken place as the revealing of the unspoken ideas of a human head, why is it that it is not openly discussed by the scientific and curious public, and treated on in print, and its meaning, causes and consequences freely expatiated on? Do you not see that you are arguing to prove a self-evident absurdity—a thing which, if we should concede all that you have yet argued for, would remain nothing but the most marvelous of inconsistencies, the most impossible of mysteries? Let us look at that. I have been arguing for the possibility of a kind of thinking process being carried on by means of sound in one person's head by others around him. While the connection lasts the connector forms a kind of personal union with the brain recognizing him and acted on by

him. But after that connection ceases, does it necessarily follow that the connector will be free to go and use the memory which he has gained the same as the memories of thought wholly included within himself? It cannot, of course, be doubted that the *memory* remains; but as to acts based thereon, can it not be a credible circumstance, that the co-operation of the foreign member would be required to give the freedom of will? This is a thing which never would have been expected if not found to be so—as is, in fact, everything about this one marvel of the universe. There are things about every department of human knowledge of which we cannot give any other explanation than that it is the law, the form in which the thing is created, and a necessary fact, which may, indeed, be shown to be proportioned to other things, but not to be deducible from any. Thus I assume it to be the law of mind that, in order to freedom of will as to my use of what I preserve in my memory, I must remain in conjunction with all of the *me* that belonged to me at the time of the reception of that memory. I take the connected brain as part of the connector's *me* while in connection. We will let that suffice for all of an explanation that the subject admits of, and all that it needs. This explains the absence of public discussion, and makes it likewise intelligible why I can come to no frank understanding with others by their confession. They cannot confess their past acts because they are absent from the inspiration which was the life of those acts—in short, they are different beings.

[Notwithstanding my full and necessary faith in the reality of things as I have reasoned to prove them, I am still willing to concede that there has been more or less of purely subjective illusion mingled with these dual realities. Under one aspect, the whole of this train of mental images and impressions which has whirled through my head has consisted of insane delusion. The effect on the state of my system has no doubt been analogous to that produced by delusions, and the nervous condition which preceded it was such as eventuates in the rise of delusions. Does not the development of delusions often have a compensating effect in freeing the nervous system in a manner from its paretic trammels? Perhaps when this supervenes the brain becomes a chimney for the combustion of the matters which threatened to entirely interrupt the action of the system by clogging. The patient is then known as sensible on most subjects, but a confirmed monomaniac.

Could we not legitimately apply this as a parable to account for the spontaneous rise of belief in flattering myths? The paresis preceding their creation is man's customary sense of cramping from the unsatisfactoriness of sublunary things. After this has gone a certain length, a motive is given through the workings of the spirit for its relief by the offset of the supernatural. I believe that this was the source of the belief in the miracles of the Saviour. It was necessary that man should have such beliefs, his mind was not equal to dispensing with them; and they were attached to Jesus that the old, unholy deities, might not have an exclusive hold on the allegiance of the race.]

CHAPTER VII.

I have been visited by other dreams, which I am moved to interpret as pointing to a reconsideration of my former purpose, or rather, a return to my original purpose. I had a dream of some kind of document being in my possession, made out in the name of Judge Armstrong, but not signed by his own hand, and I was troubled in mind about the validity of the paper. I was reminded that some might desire a similar authentication for the story of my cardinal misfortune, and I have therefore concluded to give at least a passage or two from my insane experience. I also had a dream of seeing an almanac printed in colors, with the imprint of a New York firm on the title page, and this notice: "This is the English edition, but entirely different." At the bottom an index "etc." directing to turn the leaf. I will take this vision as an admonition not to be too hasty in setting limits to my work in advance, but to do whatever I am given the power to do, without anticipating. I will give some incidents from my life in Clinton Street, Hempstead, which will make plain how it happened that Condition V was so perfectly fulfilled by the natural course of events. It will be necessary for me to report some things of a very insignificant nature, which I would have preferred to suppress, if their narrating had not been my only means of explaining, in the concrete, that of which I have presented my own *rationale* in the last chapter.

After moving to our new home, in the house owned and occupied in part by Mrs. Montfort, I occupied myself much as I had in the other place; made garden, and avoided the contact of man. I soon encountered things which were more unpleasant to my feelings than what had fallen to my lot at the other place. There was more friction, in spite of all I could do to avoid it. I was in such a towering state of morbid sensitiveness, that a slight tinge of impertinence, brusqueness, or fancied contemptuousness, in the manner of those I met, put me on the rack at once. I was perfectly helpless to give my thoughts and feelings any other turn. Our landlady's manner was often very disagreeable to me. I imagined, almost from our first meeting, that I could see something like studied aggressiveness in her demeanor. I will not pretend to say what my conclusion is at the present day. It may have been only her habitual manner, or she may have had ulterior ideas about the right way to meet a person like myself, founded on the prevailing opinion of my character. I also had my tender spots touched sometimes by what I heard said by neighbors, evidently with the design of reaching my ears; but these things were no doubt perfectly natural expressions of opinion. It began to occur to me, after a little, that my ears were becoming won-

derfully acute for such things. Very often I would hear lively discussions on my character, and disputes about the proper epithets and titles to be applied to me, which I understood perfectly at an astonishing distance off. There were some mechanics working on the house, and my experience of them was also unpleasant. It is useless to try to give all the little particulars; but, as I am making a confession, I will state a fact which gives a good general idea of the effect on me. I was wrought up to such a pitch that I formed a resolve that if I was given a sufficiently open provocation I would attempt a bloody revenge, and on one occasion went out with a razor in my pocket, in emulation of some of the murderously inclined sons of Ham. My memory of the incident is perfect, but I cannot fully feel that it was done in earnest when I recall it, no doubt because my head is in a different state. The landlady hurt my feelings very badly about that time also, and I laid it to the effect of her words that I shivered a goblet at the table one day. The doctor was called in, and I described my symptoms to him with some minuteness—told him how I had an oppressing feeling of impotence, as if paralyzed, and suddenly did things I had no intention of doing, as in breaking the glass, and that after these sudden spasms I was relieved of the helpless feeling, but had a soreness all through my limbs, which I compared to molten fire running through my nerves. I also, very innocently, spoke of my sensitiveness to affronts from people, and told him I thought I could stand it better if I could avoid meeting the proprietress altogether. Although the real cause of my suffering lay in my state of health, it was but natural that I should do what I could to relieve myself of apparent causes of aggravation. The course I took was perhaps not wise.

I shall now have to occupy myself with a subject that has been *actively* treated hitherto mostly by others. I was in the habit about that time, in my intervals of lightened melancholy, of amusing myself by practicing over tunes by whistling. I was never given to whistling absently when about my work, as some are. There was a quantity of old instrumental music in the house, and at leisure moments I used to try to execute some of the easier tunes from the notes. My whistle was simply my instrument. I had picked up such a knowledge of the scale that I could learn a plain tune from the notes. Sometimes, in trying to catch the idea expressed by the notes, I would be dissatisfied with my success, and see plainly that I dragged the tune so that I spoiled it. It was a deplorable piece of blindness in me that I did not attach greater importance to the effect these solo performances might have on the audience forced to listen to them,* and the revelations I might be making on the calibre of my mind. It was partly due to my shunning the things most disagreeable to me, even in thought, that I was so heedless. I

* I am ignorant to this day of the effect really produced on the hearers. My whistling was not loud, and I cannot think that the commotion that ensued was altogether a movement for the suppression of the nuisance.

began to hear responses to and comments on my performances, and it gradually dawned upon me that I had been making myself a conspicuous object of curiosity to the whole neighborhood. There were demonstrations made with the evident purpose of expressing contempt for my music, and they were carried on in a way that showed I was not indulgently regarded by many of my neighbors. One day, in the absence of my mother, there was what looked like an organized assault of tongues made on me from all sides. I heard myself called "that whistling quail," and more derisive things. A young man employed at Mr. Pettit's, next door, sang a song which I felt to be intended for an indignity, and followed it up with insulting remarks. In my state of nervous dilapidation and prevailing habits of thought in the past, I could not bear these things very nonchalantly. There was no avenue open to the placation of my now openly declared persecutors, however, and I would not have lowered myself to attempt it if there had been.

I shall now be obliged to become somewhat minute and personal in my story, as I could not make the facts intelligible without it. After my mother returned I continued to hear the remarks as scattering shots, after the volleys poured upon me in her absence. I will mention that the next house, that of John Pettit, undertaker, was only a few yards from ours. When I was talking to my mother I would hear Mrs. Pettit making running comments, such as "Hear that whistling quail talking to his mother," and also comments on my mother's conversation, which never seemed to attract her attention, though perfectly audible to me. After tea a party was playing croquet at Mrs. Ketcham's, the second house. I looked out of the window at the players, and immediately began to hear comments on my odious whistling. A young man said: "Maybe he's been eating too much of his French sorrel, that makes him whistle so." (There was some large French sorrel in the garden, left by the prior tenant, which I had used for edgings.) One of the Misses Ketcham* rejoined, as she made her shot: "French, indeed! I heard him whistle a French tune the other night in a manner that was perfectly ridiculous." There was more of similar chaffing, and when I recall it, it does not look possible that it could have kept the run of my feelings as it did, simply from hap-hazard, or the unassisted observation of the speakers. That evening I was seized with an indescribably urgent impulse to come to some understanding with my obloquitors. My situation of exposure to talk which I could take no part in, and do nothing to stem its course, became too aching to me to be borne. I was inspired by the spirit of unwisdom to write a note to the young lady who had criticised me. It was the only thing that occurred to me as offering a chance to free my mind. I cannot give the letter verbatim, but, as nearly as I am able to restore it, it ran like this:

"The 'whistling gardener' presents his compliments to his fair criticiser, and regrets that his practice of running over old notes

* I am told there was but one Miss Ketcham, the other being a cousin. I do not know which it was.

should have offended her cultivated ear. She need have no fear of having damaged his artistic *amour propre*, as he is perfectly well aware that his whistling was not music, properly so called. He had intended to give it up before becoming a victim to the severe discipline, though philosophically bearable, to which he has been subjected; and though he might, in the face of that, have still proved refractory, when lovely woman speaks to resist would be madness. Although his condition may still remain such as to make him 'sigh for a lodge in some vast wilderness,' and constrain him to entomb himself, he will try in future to remember that he has an audience, and not offend his neighbors with 'doleful sounds.' Miss Ketcham will please accept his assurances of his most profound respect—if it were not too bold, he would say his *admiration*.

THE WHISTLER,
(*Lucus a non Lucendo.*)"

The phrase "whistling gardener" was used as a citation of the words of others, presumed to be perfectly familiar already. I am not certain that the words "lovely woman" occurred in it. They came to mind as I was trying to restore it a little while since, and I am inclined to think I was guilty of their use. If so, I should now consider it the nearest to vulgarity, or an insult, of anything in the whole effusion. If used, I must have directly forgotten them, because they were not of the expressions which I rued on subsequent rumination. I have no doubt the original still exists, and hope it may be put on record with the other pieces of evidence. There was an allusion, I recollect, to the effect that I knew I could not indulge in *real* music without injury (to my nerves), which I could not assign its proper place. It cannot be denied that it was *naïveté* gone mad.

I deliberated for awhile, after writing it, whether I should throw it across into the yard, with a stone tied to it for ballast, or wait till morning before doing anything with it. If I had, it is probable I should have changed my mind. I decided to throw it into the Ketchams' front area, and forthwith went out into the street and did so. It was not long before I heard from it. A lady's voice called, "Good boy!" and a few moments later, "Bad boy! *admiration!*!" I thought I heard the Pettits called, and pictured to myself my dispatch being discussed in full conclave. Then I heard them return, and as they were about to enter the house Mrs. Pettit said: "Say what you will about that young man, he knows how to write a letter." Mr. Pettit said, "Got on his soft side." The houses were so near that ordinary conversation was heard from the one to the other without difficulty.

My purpose had hardly grown cold ere I began to feel that I had done an imprudent thing, one that it would give me more trouble to face the recollection of than it would to have borne up under my intense craving for expression. The next morning early I heard from it, and now began my harvest of the fruits of my blind imprudence, the record of which I would gladly suppress, if it were not that there

are considerations connected with the revealing of the naked truth that outweigh all others. It must be distinctly kept in mind by all who shall read this, that I do not tell this as a story for its own sake, but only as an explanatory illustration.

Miss Ketcham's voice said: "I wonder how my little boy is this morning? I hope he hasn't hurt himself." Then a male voice, which I supposed to belong to a young man boarding there, had something to say about my motive being to let them know I was going to give up whistling before if they had let me alone. I have already indicated what of truth there was in that. The idea of my whistling had been raised into importance in my mind by the way it had been treated by others, and my feelings had impelled me to give them vent in some way. I soon heard the name "ex-whistler" applied, which I had already thought of as one of the first ideas that would be suggested. While eating breakfast I appeared to my mother unusually melancholy and downcast, and she inquired the reason, when our neighbor Pettit, who was letting his horse graze in the door-yard, answered for me, "He feels bad because he sees he has made a perfect ass of himself." His wife instantly answered from the house, "Now, John Pettit, he has not! I didn't see a word in that letter that any one could object to." As the day wore on the comments heard grew more numerous, and more and more derisive. I heard the subject loudly discussed by the neighbors, and salutes thrown out expressly intended for my ear. I had no suspicion at the time of any of the inspiration being drawn directly from my head.* It was not until about a week later that it became evident to me that I was hearing my own thoughts given expression to by foreign wills and voices.

Hutton, the gas man, who lived in the third house, shouted, after a discussion across the fence (I was not an *eye-witness*), "He'd better go drown himself!" Another voice: "Think of a young man of his education calling himself the whistling gardener." Pettit delivered a little speech something like—"Think of a young man, well read, after overhearing a lady make a trifling remark like that, sitting down and writing her a letter and trying to *sully* her." He also spoke, as impressively and satirically as he was able, on the asinine fatuity of particular admissions, such as "subjecting to discipline," and the passage about "my condition," and the "lodge in a wilderness." The turn thus given to the affair—namely, that my design had been to insult or use undue familiarity towards Miss Ketcham—fairly drove me wild again to do something to set things right. I wanted to have an interview with Miss Ketcham's mother and explain matters, and apologize, if it was thought I had done anything improper. I called Mrs. Pettit to the window and asked some questions about Mrs. Ketcham. I then spoke of "the letter," when she replied: "I know

* I do not say it was so. This is the debatable ground. But I trust no one will, in the face of the evidence I give, maintain that my imagination created these sayings. If this is not sufficient for the unprejudiced judge, I can furnish more.

nothing about any letter," and left me, saying *sotto voce* as she went into the house, "If he has got himself into a scrape he can get himself out of it—I'm not going to help him." I let my idea of trying to come to an understanding evaporate without doing anything.

In the afternoon I was sitting in the parlor with my mother, and was some way impelled to make the assertion that there had been a time when I felt that if a man insulted me I could lay him dead at my feet, but I no longer thought myself worth it. This I heard Mr. Pettit report faithfully, with the affirmation, "I heard him tell his mother so." I was kept in mind of the words "*amour propre*" by comments many and various, that day and later, the pronunciation varying with every speaker. A boy was whistling, and Pettit's servant-girl was curious to know if he had *amour propre*. The singing of some Sunday-school children (it was the Sabbath) sounded to her like "running over notes."** The most singular thing about it was that my mother's attention was not attracted by these things, which never missed my ear. It was so all through until I left Hempstead for the asylum. Not that she was entirely ignorant of all these things, but I must believe it to have been a veritable fact, that she did not notice enough to understand the connection of much of what did reach her. It was a merciful thing for her, no doubt, that it should have been so.

I do not intend to report everything I can recall with the particularity with which I have given the events of this memorable day. I have told enough to give a sample of an endless series of things of much the same kind, except that as I became more deeply entangled in the toils there was more of the horrible. Parts of it were truly awful. The essential fact to which I will point is this: I did and said absolutely nothing to correspond with the raging vortex within my brain. Whether you call it inability or neglect, the thing that was my undoing was this: *I thought* the whole, and left to others all the *doing*. I knew the acts of others alone until my brain was more thoroughly pervaded with their image than it was with mine. Not that I could have freed my mind by any possible voluntary acts at this time. It was too late. My mind had too long played the part of Jeremiah's wild ass used to the wilderness. I had too long fed the fires within, while the exterior remained stagnant and unruffled—invisible, as it were, to my interior sense. There was an accumulation within that it was going to take years to burn out.

It would not need much description from me—even if the recording of the facts lay entirely with me—to show how things went on after getting thus far. My attention, or the attention of my head, had been powerfully drawn to the actions of my neighbors, and fettered there. I was now stretched on the rack, and it only remained for them to use the most convenient means to prosecute the work of torturing. Any one who has read my exposition of the build of my

* Many of these comments have simply a ludicrous effect on a well-governed mind, but they were all harrowing to my feelings at that time, without exception.

mind will need no telling what means would infallibly serve this end. Those were the means used. I do not intend to put on record the various names and epithets which were contrived, and being consecrated to the work of troubling my mind, became to me the representatives of all that is horrible. However advantageous it might have been, or may be, to familiarize myself more with these things from my own mouth, instead of leaving them to be things known only in my inner thoughts and in the *utterances* of the unfriendly, it would do no good to set them down here. I think it will be as well for me to cut short my reminiscences, now that I have laid the foundation, and pass on to another aspect of the case.

[I have hesitated whether to insert one more episode from the events of the summer of 1872. It is a very good illustration of some of my arguments in the chapter before this, and as such I have decided to give it. It connects with something already reported. When I made my complaint to Dr. Rushmore about being cramped by Mrs. Montfort's manner, I used the remark, "I have got nothing against her." That evening I chanced to begin whistling one of my ancient airs in the kitchen, when I heard a man's voice in the next yard begin to shout: "That's good! Bravo! Fetch him out!" or something similar, imitating the cries heard in a circus when the audience gets impatient. I at once understood it to refer to my whistling, and left off. The man went on talking in a loud voice, but I do not remember what else I understood. I do not know but I stopped my ears after making out that it was aimed at me. My mother heard it, and went to the door. I heard the man say, just before he slammed the gate and went away: "—and she hasn't said a word to me since. I have nothing against Mr. Rider!" This was uttered quite explosively. Mother came back and said there had been a man there "jawing" John Pettit.* He was talking about some Mr. Rider. The coincidence of the "not speaking" and "nothing against" with what I had said about Mrs. Montfort, made me suspicious that the last I had heard was intended for me, as well as the first. The name did not agree, it is true, but my imagination set to work to find some way to make it fit.

We will now change the scene to the next morning. I was out in my garden doing something to a flower-border or seed-bed. The boss painter, an Englishman named Stead, with his son, was doing something on the roof of the house. All at once the boy asked his father, "I wonder what they call him Mr. Rider for?" His father replied: "That is because he is in the habit of whistling old English riding airs." Now it happened that that was the very turn I had given the name myself. I began whistling one of the airs, and the painter added: "That is a riding air he is whistling there now." He went on to say that, as their job was now finished, "he" (myself) would be left in peace. "He" would no doubt think it a good riddance.

* I have since been informed that it was a Mr. Cornelius Adams, residing in Washington Street.

"But you know people will talk." This Mr. Stead was a member of the Methodist church. He met with his death by drowning within a couple of years back. His son's memory would no doubt bear witness to these facts.

I present this as a problem. I can only conjecture as to the intentions and knowledge of others, and have nothing but the consistency of my perceptions to give me faith in their reality. I do not believe young Stead had ever heard that I had been called Mr. Rider, and if he had, was it by a mere guess that his father hit my thought as he did? Put the occurrence of the evening before in conjunction with what I have said about "impulsion," on page 55, and the morning's adventure with that about "inspiration," on page 60, and I think the case is made out.]

CHAPTER VIII.

When I said "cut short my reminiscences," I meant those of the same commonplace kind. Some of the things that happened to me during those first days seem to me to have a bearing of their own that makes them worthy of being put on record here. I do not pretend to put myself forward as the only authentic historian of these events, or to fix and settle what the world shall believe to be their full import, but only to point the way and give indications that may serve as a cue for others better qualified. To fulfill my whole duty, I must touch on the case in all its principal aspects, so far as revealed to me by my experience up to this time.

The first of the series of incidents which I now propose to record took place just after the visit of Dr. Frost for the purpose of examining into my condition of sanity. I had drawn up an account of what had happened to me, as seen from my point of view, stating the persistent animadversions made in my hearing by my neighbors, with examples of the terms used; the effect in increasing the acuteness of my sense of hearing, and giving me discomfort in every way; the final result, as it seemed to me, of giving over the thoughts of my brain to those by whom I was beset; and a concluding request that the particular features of my affliction might be taken into account in disposing of the case. Being fully convinced that the reality was as I saw it, I thought it was only reasonable to ask others to come to an understanding with me, and take such measures as would relieve me from the things that constituted the source of my torment, which seemed to me to be very easily susceptible of diminution, if not removal.

After Dr. Frost had satisfied himself on the state of my mind, and taken his leave, I weakly took a second thought on some of the things in my statement. (No doubt its failure to produce the effect hoped for was the principal cause of my dispiriting.) No sooner had the first repentant thought sprung up in my mind than I heard my old tormentors outside of the house begin to shout: "He never opens his mouth but he puts his foot in it;" "Nobody would have known anything about it if it hadn't been for what he wrote for Dr. Frost—now it's known to the whole village;" with various offensive allusions to the disclosures in my statement that I had been the most doubtful about. I was much irritated at the turn given to it, and indulged somewhat in vain threats of trying to have justice of my persecutors. Just when the agitation of my mind was at its height I was suddenly taken with the impulse to step to the bureau (I believe I had been pacing the floor) and throw open the large family Bible lying there. I glanced down upon the page first exposed, and just where my eye

first fell, and seeming to me to stand off from the rest of the letter-press as if illuminated, was this passage:

“ O Lord, thou hast deceived me, and I was deceived: thou art stronger than I, and hast prevailed: I am in derision daily, every one mocketh me.

“ For since I spake, I cried out, I cried violence and spoil, because the word of the Lord was made a reproach unto me, and a derision daily.

“ Then I said, I will not make mention of him, nor speak any more in his name. But his word was in mine heart as a burning fire shut up in my bones, and I was weary with forbearing, and could not stay.

“ For I heard the defaming of many, fear on every side. *Report, say they,* and we will report it. All my familiars watched for my halting, saying, peradventure he will be enticed, and we shall prevail against him, and we shall take our revenge on him.

“ But the Lord is with me as a mighty terrible one: therefore my persecutors shall stumble, and shall not prevail: they shall be greatly ashamed; for they shall not prosper; their everlasting confusion shall never be forgotten.

“ But, O Lord of hosts, that triest the righteous, and seest the reins and the heart, let me see thy vengeance on them: for unto thee have I opened my cause.”—(*Jer. xx.*)

I read on as far as this without an effort, the connection of the words being as evident as if I had them already by heart; but when I came to the part that was not perfectly applicable to my situation at the moment the words seemed to become confused, and I should have been obliged to make special exertion of mind to go on, as commonly the case was when I undertook to read in the state of mind I was in.

The same thing happened to me several times about that time—I think on successive days. Some time during the day I would think of the Bible, go and open it at hap-hazard, and just where my eye fell there was a passage that showed me *myself*. Once, when I had been fretting about my ill success in getting my mother to accord with my views about my neighbors’ doings, I hit upon this:

“ And it shall come to pass that when any shall yet prophesy, then his father and mother that begat him shall say unto him, thou shalt not live; for thou speakest lies in the name of the Lord: and his father and his mother that begat him shall thrust him through when he prophesieth,” etc.—(*Zech. xiii.*)

While suffering from fatigue of mind and nervous exhaustion from exerting myself to write out my “statement” I chanced upon this:

“ And further, by these, my son, be admonished; of making many books there is no end: and much study is a weariness of the flesh. Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep his commandments; for this is the whole duty of man.”—(*Eccles. xii.*)

This must have been the first occurrence of the kind, I think, but as it was not so much of a surprise as some that followed, was looked on as a simple coincidence.

One hot day, when I supposed myself to be in mental communication with Mrs. Montfort and her sister, Mrs. Luyster, (I certainly heard the sound of their voices) I fell upon this, in Ezekiel, xii. :

"Son of man, what is that proverb that ye have in the land of Israel, saying, the days are prolonged, and every vision faileth ?

"Tell them, therefore, thus saith the Lord God; I will make this proverb to cease, and they shall no more use it as a proverb in Israel; but say unto them, the days are at hand, and the effect of every vision.

"For there shall be no more any vain vision or flattering divination within the house of Israel," etc.

I could not see the propriety, at the time, of calling my experiences "visions," for there was no deception of the sight, but only of the hearing. My doubts about the application of the passage took from me the faith to try the experiment again.

There are various other passages scattered through the Bible which look remarkably like what I have gone through. I do not think there will be any harm in enumerating some of them, with such remarks as are called for to define the parallel. In Job we read :

"Upon my right hand rise the youth, they push away my feet, and they raise up against me the ways of their destruction. They mar my path, they set forward my calamity, they have no helper. They came upon me as a wide breaking in of waters; in the desolation they rolled themselves upon me. Terrors are turned upon me: they pursue my soul as the wind: and my welfare passeth away as a cloud."

This would not be true of me if taken in an outward, material sense; but apply it to the mind, according to the words, "pursue my soul," and it is true, every word.

In Jeremiah there is another passage, besides the one I was directed to in 1872, that has an equally close application, so far as it relates to the treatment suffered from others :

"Woe is me, my mother, that thou hast borne me a man of strife and a man of contention to the whole earth ! I have neither lent on usury, nor have men lent to me on usury; yet every one of them doth curse me."

"I sat not in the assembly of the mockers, nor rejoiced; I sat alone because of thy hand: for thou hast filled me with indignation."

The third chapter of Lamentations also contains a picture of suffering hardly too strong to apply to what I have been through.

But the most perfect identity of all is to be found scattered all through the Psalms:

"Lord, how are they increased that trouble me ! Many are they that rise up against me. Many there be which say of my soul, There is no help for him in God.—Mine eye is consumed because of grief; it waxeth old because of all mine enemies. Let all mine enemies be ashamed and sore vexed; let them return and be ashamed suddenly.—Save me from all them that persecute me, and deliver

me; lest he tear my soul like a lion, rending it in pieces, while there is none to deliver.—Lo, the wicked bend their bow; they make ready their arrow upon the string, that they may privily shoot, etc.—Who have said, With our tongue will we prevail; our lips are our own: who is lord over us?—How long shall I take counsel in my soul, having sorrow in my heart daily? how long shall my enemy be exalted over me?—The sorrows of death compassed me, and the floods of ungodly men made me afraid. The sorrows of hell compassed me about; the snares of death prevented me.—But I am a worm, and no man; a reproach of men, and despised of the people.—Many bulls have compassed me; strong bulls of Bashan have beset me round. They gaped upon me with their mouths, as a ravening and a roaring lion.—Consider mine enemies; for they are many; and they hate me with a cruel hatred.—Deliver me not over unto the will of mine enemies; for false witnesses have risen up against me, and such as breathe out cruelty.—My life is spent with grief, and my years with sighing; my strength faileth because of mine iniquity, and my bones are consumed. I have heard the slander of many: fear was on every side: while they took counsel together against me, they devised to take away my life.—Let them be confounded and put to shame that seek after my soul; let them be turned back and brought to confusion that devise my hurt.—Without a cause have they hid for me their net in a pit, which without cause they have digged for my soul.—In mine adversity they rejoiced and gathered themselves together: yea, the abjects gathered themselves together against me, and I knew it not; they did tear me and ceased not.—They speak not peace; but they devise deceitful matters against them that are quiet in the land. Yea, they opened their mouth wide against me and said, Aha, aha! our eye hath seen it.—Let them not say in their hearts, Ah, so would we have it: let them not say, We have swallowed him up.—They also that seek after my life lay snares for me: and they that seek my hurt speak mischievous things, and imagine deceits all the day long. But I, as a deaf man, heard not; and I was as a dumb man that openeth not his mouth. Thus I was as a man that heareth not, and in whose mouth are no reproofs.—When my foot slippeth, they magnify themselves against me.—Mine enemies are lively, and they are strong; and they that hate me wrongfully are multiplied.—Innumerable evils have compassed me about; mine iniquities have taken hold upon me, so that I am not able to look up; they are more than the hairs of mine head: therefore my heart faileth me. Let them be ashamed and confounded together that seek after my soul to destroy it; let them be driven backward and put to shame that wish me evil. Let them be desolate for a reward of their shame that say unto me, Aha, aha!—Mine enemies speak evil of me: When shall he die and his name perish? And if he cometh to see me, he speaketh vanity; his heart gathereth iniquity to itself; when he goeth abroad he telleth it. All that hate me whisper together against me; against me do they devise my hurt. An evil

disease, say they, cleaveth fast to him; and now that he lieth he shall rise up no more.—Why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy? As with a sword in my bones, mine enemies reproach me; while they say daily unto me, Where is thy God?—Why boastest thou thyself in mischief, O mighty man? Thy tongue deviseth mischief like a sharp razor, working deceitfully. Thou lovest all devouring words, O thou deceitful tongue.—Strangers are risen up against me, and oppressors seek after my soul.—Because of the voice of the enemy, because of the oppression of the wicked; for they cast iniquity upon me, and in wrath they hate me. My heart is sore pained within me; and the terrors of death are fallen upon me. Fearfulness and trembling are come upon me, and horror hath overwhelmed me.—Man would swallow me up; he fighting daily oppresseth me. Mine enemies would daily swallow me up for they be many that fight against me. Every day they wrest my words; all their thoughts are against me for evil. They gather themselves together, they hide themselves, they mark my steps when they wait for my soul.—My soul is among lions; and I lie even among them that are set on fire, even the sons of men, whose teeth are spears and arrows, and their tongue a sharp sword. They have prepared a net for my steps; my soul is bowed down: they have digged a pit before me, into the midst whereof they are fallen themselves.—Lo, they lie in wait for my soul: the mighty are gathered against me. They return at evening; they make a noise like a dog, and go round about the city. Behold, they belch out with their mouth: swords are in their lips: for who, say they, doth hear? How long will ye imagine mischiefs against a man? ye shall be slain, all of you: as a bowing wall shall ye be, and as a tottering fence. They only consult to cast him down from his excellency; they delight in lies: they bless with their mouths, but they curse inwardly.—Hide me from the secret counsel of the wicked: from the insurrection of the workers of iniquity: who whet their tongue like a sword, and bend their bows to shoot their arrows, even bitter words. That they may shoot in secret. . . . suddenly do they shoot at him, and fear not. They encourage themselves in an evil matter: they commune of laying snares privily; they say, Who shall see them? They search out iniquities; they accomplish a diligent search: both the inward thought of every one of them, and the heart, is deep.—The waters are come in unto my soul. I sink in deep mire, where there is no standing. I am come into deep waters, where the floods overflow me. They that hate me without a cause are more than the hairs of mine head: they that would destroy me, being my enemies wrongfully, are mighty; then I restored that which I took not away. When I wept and chastened my soul with fasting, that was to my reproach. They that sit in the gate speak against me, and I was the song of the drunkards. Reproach hath broken my heart, and I am full of heaviness: and I looked for some to take pity, but there was none; and for comforters, but I found none. They persecute him whom thou hast smitten; and they talk

to the grief of those whom thou hast wounded.—Let them be ashamed and confounded that seek after my soul; let them be turned backward, and put to confusion, that desire my hurt. Let them be turned back for a reward of their shame that say, Aha, aha.—I am as a wonder unto many. Mine enemies speak against me; and they that lay wait for my soul take counsel together, saying, God hath forsaken him: persecute and take him: for there is none to deliver him. Let them be confounded and consumed that are adversaries to my soul; let them be covered with reproach and dishonor that seek my hurt.—The proud are risen against me, and the assemblies of violent men have sought after my soul.—My soul is full of troubles: and my life draweth nigh unto the grave. I am counted with them that go down into the pit: I am a man that hath no strength. Thou hast put away mine acquaintance far from me; thou hast made me an abomination; I am shut up, and cannot come forth. I am afflicted and ready to die from my youth up; while I suffer thy terrors I am distracted. Thy fierce wrath goeth over me; thy terrors have cut me off. They came round me daily like water; they compassed me about together. Lover and friend hast thou put far from me, and mine acquaintance into darkness.—Thou hast broken down all his hedges; thou hast brought his strongholds to ruin. All that pass by the way spoil him: he is a reproach to his neighbors. Thou hast set up the right hand of his adversaries; thou hast made all his enemies to rejoice.—I watch and am as a sparrow alone upon the housetop. Mine enemies reproach me all the day; and they that are mad against me are sworn against me.—The mouth of the wicked and the mouth of the deceitful are opened against me: they have spoken against me with a lying tongue. They compassed me about also with words of hatred; and fought against me without a cause.

. . . I am poor and needy, and my heart is wounded within me. I am gone like the shadow when it declineth; I am tossed up and down like the locust. I became also a reproach unto them: when they looked upon me they shaked their heads.—Remove from me reproach and contempt. . . . Princes also did sit and speak against me. . . . My soul melteth for heaviness. . . . The proud have had me greatly in derision. . . . The bands of the wicked have robbed me. . . . The proud have forged a lie against me. . . . Let the proud be ashamed, for they dealt perversely with me without a cause. . . . The proud have digged pits for me. . . . They had almost consumed me on earth. . . . The wicked have waited for me to destroy me. . . . My soul is continually in my hand.

. . . The wicked have laid a snare for me. . . . They draw nigh that follow after mischief. . . . Many are my persecutors and mine enemies. . . . Princes have persecuted me without a cause.—What shall be given unto thee? or what shall be done unto thee, thou false tongue? . . . My soul hath long dwelt with him that hateth peace. I am for peace; but when I speak they are for war.—Preserve me from the violent man; which imagine mischiefs in their heart, continually are they gathered together for war;

they have sharpened their tongues like a serpent; adders' poison is under their lips. The proud have laid a snare for me, and cords; they have spread a net by the wayside; they have set gins for me. . . . As for the head of those that compass me about, let the mischief of their own lips cover them.—Keep me from the snares which they have laid for me, and the gins of the workers of iniquity. Let the wicked fall into their own nets, whilst that I withal escape.—In the way wherein I walked have they privily laid a snare for me. I looked on my right hand, and beheld, but there was no man that would know me; refuge failed me; no man cared for my soul. . . . I am brought very low; deliver me from my persecutors; for they are stronger than I.—The enemy hath persecuted my soul; he hath smitten my life down to the ground; he hath made me to dwell in darkness, as those that have been long dead. . . . Cut off mine enemies, and destroy all them that afflict my soul.—Deliver me out of great waters, from the hand of the strange children; whose mouth speaketh vanity, and their right hand is a right hand of falsehood.”

I do not intend to appropriate the spirit of these passages, or make their language my own, but quote them thus collectively as an evidence of fact. I am myself but an inquirer. Do they express the experience of any certain person or persons? or are they prophetic? Or are they, possibly, ideal productions for the encouragement of those in similar situations of distress? Many of them are attributed to King David; but I do not find, by the history given of his life, that they could exactly apply to him. Can it be that the same thing that has happened to me has befallen another in ages long past, and these are the traces of it? If so, we must suppose that it did not go far enough for the influences at work to reach their perfect consummation, and so was not understood. I do not think there is any danger, at this stage, that my laying claim to similar experiences will be misunderstood. The subject has been extensively discussed in my hearing during these seven years of tribulation. My “connectors,” be they real or imaginary, always disclaim any intention to offend against “Fowler,” while “laying snares,” and “encouraging themselves” in “accomplishing a diligent search” to find the most effectual means to “know the head.”

[I have also found a most remarkably close application of many of the precepts and reflections of Thomas à Kempis, in his “Imitation of Christ.” He seems to keep the same character exhibited in the Psalms in view, only speaking as a monitor, instead of in his person. I presume I find myself mirrored in both these places because I am an extreme case. Thomas à Kempis is the safer of the two to imitate; but I have not found the power to do so in myself as far as I could have wished. Much of my struggle has been more in the warlike spirit of the psalmist, though I have always looked on the weapons as rather profane than sacred.]

I will now give some of the means to which I have been compelled to resort for my relief.

I. SPASMODIC VIOLENCE.—Why does a person in a desperate state of mind break things, tear his flesh, etc.? It has frequently happened to me, and I have had no difficulty in seeing why. It is nature's effort to escape from the old connection or posture of ideas when it becomes insupportable. I have often bit my arm severely, or inflicted other painful injuries on my limbs, for the simple purpose of getting the attention of my brain free from the external things (sounds) by which it was being led, and to recall myself to a sense of my own corporeal presence. I have always found that there is a limit to passive endurance of cerebral discomfort, and that, no matter how resolutely I might say: "I will *not* give way," there was a point at which I suddenly found myself acting contrary to my conscious will, and perpetrating some act of greater or less violence to elude the demon which had me in its embrace.

II. CURSING.—Why does a man resort to profanity? I look on it as the application of a stimulant remedy. It is a thing that is contrary to the law of our minds, and we cannot do it without being conscious of a strain. The sense we have of the reprehensible nature of the act is the fulcrum we have to pry against. If it were not for the forbidden quality we could not be profane. In brief, cursing is making war. When the mind becomes unable to continue the regular, steady effort, it can help itself temporarily by tugging against moral bounds. Whoever swears confesses that he cannot keep the car of thought rolling without jerks and plunges.

III. PRAYING.—I do not wish to enter into a dissertation on prayer in this place. No one can doubt that whatever efforts we find ourselves free to make, of whatever kind, have some effect on the flow of our lives. I have already told why I could not deal with my troubles in a religious way. The same conditions have obtained ever since; the Ethiopian cannot change his skin, and we must go forward in the channel nature affords us. There was a time when I prayed energetically in secret, in the night-time, for the purpose of shaking myself loose from "connecting" voices, and defending my head. If I had not prayed, and kept up an agitation in my mind in that way, I should infallibly have resorted to profanity to attain the same end, and the spirit of prayer is certainly less wearing and straining to the mind than that of cursing. [Prayer must necessarily have a basis in belief. It is not the one we build in our minds that we pray to, but the One who builds us. Prayer is one of the forms of effort placed at our disposal as a means of avoiding ways of evil, and cultivating the way of piety—a memorial. We cannot tell God anything, or give Him a better will, or advise Him better than He knows.]

IV. SOLILOQUY.—I have sometimes, for the purpose of giving my mind a place to connect its attention apart from the voices of others around, had recourse to the expedient of audible soliloquy. I have found it to give my mind a sense of locality that it would not have had during silent thought—something relative to it within myself; I thus becoming one of my own connectors by the medium of sound.

This expedient is no doubt of great use, if—1, kept clear of all animosity directed against an objective point;* and 2, paired with a firm determination to disregard all expressions of opinion heard, and to continue obstinate in its application to overcome slight impressions on the feelings from such causes. The use of the organ of expression is of great importance as an auxiliary and regulator of the organ of thought, beyond all question, and I am inclined to think that if I had been willing to descend to some eccentricities in this particular in earlier years, I might have kept my thoughts from straying as far as they did. My mind might not have gone on so furiously in its cometary career if it had had more of my own personal action to observe, and had more at home to give it countenance.

V. REMONSTRANCE.—I have at times accused those whom I recognized as the troubleurs of my brain, and made remonstrance against their acts ; but the result, except by the temporary change of ideas from the effort, etc., was always very unsatisfactory, demonstrating merely the truth of the psalmist's words : “They bless with their mouth, but they curse inwardly.” I have given my explanation of the necessity of the case already, and alluded to a personal quality of mine which must needs make me averse to resorting to expostulation very frequently.

[I have alluded to a fellow-lunatic named Wm. Neyle in connection with a croquet shot. I believe I will append the sequel to this chapter, as not foreign to its tenor. Neyle left the asylum in the latter part of the summer of 1873. On the night of Nov. 8th following I was suddenly awakened out of sound sleep by the sensation of a blow on the centre of my forehead. So perfect was the effect that, on awakening, my only thought was, “Where is the person who struck me?” It was light enough to see that the door was shut and the room was empty, and, as I was sure there had not been a chance to get out of the door, my next thought was that he might be under the bed. I called an attendant by knocking, and sent for Dr. Miller, to whom I related the circumstance. As I expressed it to him, the force of the blow had been about what would have been required to knock me back on my pillow if I had been sitting up unsupported. My forehead still retained the feeling of the concussion. The doctor brought me a lotion to bathe it with. I exhausted all my ingenuity in imagining causes for the sensation—thought of an electric shock, and speculated whether the steel chain of my watch under my pillow could have any connection. Could find no plausible hypothesis. The hurt in my forehead gradually went away, but I believe there was still some trace of it the next morning. A few evenings after, I read in a paper lying on the table an account of the suicide of Wm. Neyle, of New Brighton, Staten Island, in a house in Greenwich Street, New York City, on the night of the 8th, by shooting himself through the back of the head with a navy revolver. I have never ascertained the hour of the night it took place. The time of my visitation was not very late in the evening, possibly ten o'clock.]

*Which would be “burning incense to the enemy,” see p. 40.

[I have concluded that it is permitted me to report some other things which must have with me more significance than that of simple illusions. One evening within the past year, while on the fifth hall, I was inquiring within myself why it was that I could not speak in the name of Christ further than to ask for the bestowal of the spirit of forgiveness and good will known as his doctrine, when I heard a deep voice seeming to come from the centre of my head say : " You reveal *me*." At another time, when out in the woods, I was thinking about a sermon by a Catholic priest, which I had just been reading, in which Christ was identified with God. I finally said, " Well, He was there," meaning his power and authority, when a voice in my head, as the other time, said : " I thought you knew Me," and repeated it. At another time, when I was meditating on a subject of theology, a still small voice solemnly said : " Remember that I am eternal." These might be pronounced to be nothing more than insane illusions, and such they no doubt are generically, but that does not lessen their weight with me. My delusion seemed to be identified with the " Word of the Lord " of the Bible by my experience in Hempstead, and these illusions count with me in the same rank. They form, with the coincidences just spoken of, and the concurrent signs in other parts of the Scriptures, the supernatural signs of the only covenant I can recognize. If I pray I think of God as revealed in these places, and believe Him to have therein condemned the derangements once believed to be the signs of His existence and power.]

CHAPTER IX.

The signs are too many and too evident to permit me to doubt that my destiny is bound up with the religion of the world. I steadfastly believe that the words in Jeremiah, "Take forth the precious from the vile," are addressed to me; and I cannot be recreant to the holiest of duties. I seem to hear the Lord saying, "Let my people go!" Whoever knows even so much of my life's history as I have been able to give must admit that I have fulfilled the foolish shepherd of Zech. xii, 16, and I cannot be indifferent to the denunciation following it. I will not waste time on useless discussion, but start with the assumption that it is God's will that I should give the world my opinions. It lies with the world of thought and free will to make such use of them as it can. I will take up the received Scriptures, and give my opinion on various parts of them.

THE CREATION.—Time being the measure of change, Moses gives us his image of a series of the earliest changes in the universe. As we do not know, and our minds crave for something to rest on, we must be content with what we have from legend and tradition, until we can find something better founded. I do not believe in twisting the language of Scripture to make it agree with something resting on a different foundation. Let us in reading Genesis keep in mind the primitive ideas of the writer's day, and go no further. Try to make it square with modern geology and you brush off all its bloom and gain nothing. There may have been a parallel in the stages of creation with the "six days" of Moses or early tradition, but I think that it is merely a way of giving greater importance to the institution of the Jewish week. As for the Sabbath, it should be enough for us to know that the soul of nations will be given its shape by their employment of time. If it comes to be generally believed that my sign is a fulfillment of Hebrew prophecy, I would recommend a transfer to the day of the commandment. The very fact of a day one step removed being fixed on by both Christians and Mohammedans looks like an admission that another step remained to be taken. [Then will the three old shepherds be taken away, and a union of the flocks brought about. Such an event would be a sufficient memorial of the "one week."]

I have something to say about the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. There are many who are possessed with an inveterate inclination to make it an evil thing to judge certain conventionalities. They resent every attack made on them in the name of right reason, and have only one answer to make—namely, to brand the meddler with the opprobrious name of "infidel." Now I will not dispute but that this instinct has had a good reason for its existence, in the neces-

sity of preserving the whole growth, lest some precious shoot be damaged ; but after the tree of life has overtopped all weeds, what excuse is there for putting all on an equality ? Let us look at our own feelings, not at idols. Let us not make a man an offender for a thing of naught. Now, as to ideas about the supreme government, common sense should teach us that every doctrine that shows God as acting disconnectedly must make him out to be a Fool, and must be a blasphemous arraignment of his justice. If God were suddenly found to have lied wine where he had told us water, He would be a Liar. Let us put all these images without rational connection away once for all into the lumber-room of profane idols. Let us give every man a *reason* for everything we ask him to believe, or stand convicted of an attempt to impose an arbitrary yoke on a brother's mind. There is one book in the possession of every man having a rational mind and healthy memory, which he knows to have been written by the creative word of God. It is the record of his own life. Now to ask a man to believe any event not having a visible analogy with anything in that infallible book, as a sacred duty, not as simply an unexplainable phenomenon, is to try to tyrannize over him, is to play Nahash the Ammonite, and can have no motive except in the gratification of a malicious, selfish impulse. No matter whose name you speak in, the real deity inspiring you, and whom you serve, is your own will. He only speaks in the name of another god than his own will who demonstrates, and simply calls to witness of known facts. [Was it not the confidence of Jesus in the book spoken of above, that made him say he knew the Father, when contending with believers in personified derangement ?]

THE FALL OF ADAM.—It is certain that we can conceive of man in a state of moral health in which he would be so perfectly guided by the spirit within him as to discharge all duties from natural impulse, fulfill the same law of modesty and honesty when unobserved as in company with those whose judgment he cared for, regard the acts of his fellow-beings contrary to his will more indulgently than if they were his own, and act towards them always under the promptings of an active regard for their inclinations and welfare, without a lowering of his own standard of virtue and propriety. For him to continue at such a level it would be necessary for him to continue to keep all his faculties nourished and in exercise. Man's mechanism left to itself runs down, and it is as true of his moral nature as of his physical. As to the Scriptural account of Adam's transgression, without setting up anything dogmatically, my opinion is that the only state in which there was no such thing as moral offenses would necessarily be a state in which there was no moral sense—in fact, a state *below* that of a reasoning being. When man became man, if he is a development from an inferior state, he became conscious of what is typified by the forbidden tree. The fruits of that tree are all such as injure and deprave man. Man is constantly in a falling state from neglect of his duties or infringements, and constantly under the necessity of keeping in motion to maintain his level. This is not

due to an event at any time in the past, but comes from the manner of his existence.* His bodily frame has its circulations, combustions, etc., and he must keep up with it. He has no choice but to make oblations and offer incense. It lies with him to offer them at a worthy shrine. He can choose the serpent or the voice of the Holy One.

CAIN AND ABEL.—In Abel I see the man who makes a proper application of his efforts in life, takes care of himself, and, consequently, prospers. The Lord always has respect to offerings made in accordance with His laws. Cain is the man whose feelings are connected with an unrealized ideal, which he can strain at but cannot reach. The strain flings him into crime unawares. He is wroth because he is shoved to the wall by Abel's moral superiority. The war between Cain and Abel has continued to this day, and will continue as long as there is supercilious judgment on the one side and a false notion of honor on the other. After the bloody seed of hate is planted the whole aftergrowth is affected by it. The ground that refuses to yield its strength is not the earth's surface, but the field of his own soul.

My estimation of the weight to be given to the ages, etc., recorded in Genesis, chap. v., is shown by what I have already said. I see no reason why all these should be sacred truths and the Greek and Roman stories of like grade profane fables.

NOAH AND THE DELUGE.—If the animals had come together as they are represented to have done, would it amount to anything else than a sudden fit of beast insanity? Why not leave to every animal its natural instincts and faculties, and no more? It is only introduced to make an image of God's doings, and I do not see that it gives Him glory. The wickedness and worthlessness of man are taken care of by deluges of a different kind. The deluge is a good symbol of an event which I believe to be at the door. I believe the ark is already well advanced, and that there has been preaching to the spirits in prison; but that belongs to my delusion. (See Ezek., 33, 30.)

BABEL.—I find an application for the tower of Babel in my own insane history. I expect a confusion of the speech of the old sects to ensue likewise. Every one who speaks in the name of the Lord without rational consistency is building on the tower of Babel, and his words are sure of being scattered to the winds.

Abraham is accounted the father of all who believe in the Eternal. I believe I am chosen as His sign for the abolition of all dishonoring beliefs, as Abraham was set up against all idolaters and pagans. In the story of Hagar and Ishmael I find marks which I recognize. Man takes the way of sin because the better way is closed to him. It is his want of faith in the ways of virtue and his unwillingness to make sacrifices that closes it to him, commonly. Of the slave-child sin it can truly be said that its hand is against every man and every man's hand is against it. I have to note, in connection with the offering of Isaac by Abraham, that I find the date given as 1872 before Christ, coinciding with the year from Christ in which my ear-troubles commenced.

I have several applications for Esau's sale of his birthright, which I think it might pay to keep in mind.

I. I conceive the birthright to represent the claims of eternal, self-evident truth. The germ is found in Christianity, but the pure doctrine was not fit for such minds as the world had in those days, and became corrupted in the proselyting war that followed Christ's advent and ministry, down to the level of the prevailing spirit of ignorance. It parted with the birthright by assimilating itself to the old style of supernatural inflation (found in the Book of Kings, etc.) in order to survive as a religion. According to the words of St. Paul, God hath concluded them all in unbelief that He might have mercy upon all.

II. Or we may take Esau for polytheistic religion, recognizing and deifying every force and passion that has dominion over the soul or destiny of man. This Esau is only comparable to that state of youthful immaturity and perversion in which the lusts of the baser members outweigh the authority of the head. When it gave up its birthright for the belief in a single judge, it pledged itself to go on and submit to be judged by the new master. I believe that the day of judgment has come.

III. Again, Esau may stand for man in general, the common man. All men have naturally equal rights in the kingdom of heaven, and an equal right to plain reason as the basis of all sacred laws. But after some keen spirit like Moses, the evangelists, Mohammed, Buddha, etc., cooks up a tempting and plausible mess, he has no difficulty in getting the plebeian Esau to take it in exchange for his birthright freedom of reason. From this sale of birthright comes the attachment seen all over the world for national and hereditary religions, in defiance of all observed facts and the conclusions of sound reason. To Jacob's obtaining the blessing by forestalling I give a similar typical meaning. Isaac stands in the place of the common Father of all. He must naturally be believed to favor the common interests of man (Esau), as He is said to be no respecter of persons. But we find that privileges and favors have place under His government, or we would have no histories sacred on any ground but that of example. There is a reason in the working of man's mind for this partiality in the bestowing of the blessing. Esau becomes the infidel when he disputes the validity of the blessing, as not having been intended to be partial. The old grudge between Esau and Jacob can be done away only by the union of both Esau and Jacob in one, the common-sense man with the anointed favorite.

Moses' burning bush I take for the symbol of a much-meditating mind, and God's voice speaking therefrom means the final conviction from demonstration, or encouragement by signs like my coincidences. Revelations do not grow without a root of pure reason, and the deeper the root goes down the more thrifty the growth of the tree.

I do not believe in the miraculous slaying of Egypt's first-born by the Almighty. It may commemorate a slaughter made by the Israelites before the Exodus. The rods changed into serpents signify arguments becoming living convictions in the mind of Pharaoh. The evangelists' rods live as serpents in the minds of Christian believers,

but I confidently expect that my rod will become a serpent that will swallow them all without trouble.

The offering of strange fire before the Lord I take to signify the preaching or publishing of things not in accord with the known order of God's laws in nature. If any were killed at the moment of offering incense I think that more likely they were killed by the party of Moses than by the immediate visitation of God. God punishes all such things by their consequences. Of course the ruling party had a right to suppress seditions.

Israel is held responsible for the destruction of the heathen and their idols. I conceive that I am the Lord's instrument for the completion of this work, and that I have been shown these signs in the law that my hands might be strengthened. The use of the ornaments of idols is prohibited. I do not see how that is a less offense than the retention of fabulous embellishments of the very same order as the myths of pagandom as part of the consecrated word and their imposition as truth.

The prophet promised by Moses who should speak the thing that came to pass I take to be one who speaks of things that do always come to pass, according to law. Any other would proclaim that God judged without a reason, making Him an unjust judge.

Concerning the sin-offering and sacrifice in general, I must tell a little story: I had taken my Bible out into the woods one Sunday morning and seated myself in a pleasant spot to read. It happened that the place was where Moses is commanded to make coats for Aaron and his sons, and directions are given for the offering of the sacrifice. I found myself most singularly moved by the passage, so that I could hardly refrain from tears, and yet I could see no reason why the subject should thus affect my sensibilities. It may have been nothing but the mood of the moment, a very unusual mood with me, if so, but it seemed to me as if I were looking at the toys of infancy, and had been thus affected by the memories called up by the sight. It is not the position I sought, but I cannot shut my eyes to the fact that I have been made the world's sin-offering; an atoning example and its substitute for the newly discovered sin of dishonoring the Eternal by vain beliefs.

[The night before proceeding to the final copying of this chapter (5th to 6th Jan., 1879), I had a dream which I will relate as a curiosity or study in the way of dreams: Was in a place where the services of the Catholic Church were performed, grew curious on the subject, and was inquiring whether the officiating priest at that obscure place had authority to say mass or was confined to an inferior grade of services. Was not given much satisfaction—appeared to me that I was being quizzed. Determined to consult a work of reference. Was reminded of the dispute between the publishers of the American and Johnson's Cyclopedias. It occurred to me that I could obtain the information in the specimen pages in the advertising pamphlet of Johnson's. Referred to it, but found that after a short and unsatisfactory preamble it was all devoted to the history of one man. Was

at a loss to know whether it was a continuation of the article on the Catholic Church or a separate one. (I have the pamphlet with specimen signature, but it does not contain the letter C, as I dreamed, but part of R.) After this I was walking through what must have been a hospital for dumb beasts. Heard one of the officials say, as if in answer to a question: "It's a scrofa," and going there, found several large hogs all incased in close-fitting covers. One of our asylum patients, Edward Reynolds, of New Rochelle, Westchester Co., was doing carpentering work on the casings of the animals. He was nailing or driving on wooden ear-caps, hammering very hard. Thought he would make a bad job of it, and wondered if he had not stayed in on account of stormy weather, as he works out. He continued to hammer violently for a long time, going from one animal to another, and I woke up and found that one of the patients had been pounding furiously on his door. (Two coincidences, as Reynolds is a monomaniac on Catholicism, and he had complained in my hearing of this man's keeping him awake some mornings before.) After awaking I pondered some on the attitude of the Catholic Church relative to my cause. Came to the conclusion that whatever they might think of the derivation of authority to say mass, even the Pope would not question the elevation of the Host by the hand of the Almighty Himself.]

There are two traditions recorded about the stemming of waters by the command of the Almighty, to let His chosen people pass through. I see no reason for contending for the literal truth of these accounts, since it is said that there is no shadow of variableness in God, and we know He shows no such partiality in our days; but there is a parallel figure which I believe to be destined to take the place of the old ones. I mean the chasm between my knowledge and theory, and the knowledge which the world has been confined to the use of up to the time of these revelations. I believe that that will be remembered as the gap through which God's people passed, from the land of darkness and error to the promised land of light.

In the book of Judges I find many very striking signs and symbols. Gideon's fleeces signify just what I am now doing, wringing out sense and use from things in themselves only dead images, and hitherto put to an idolatrous use, and discriminating between the places with the dew of truth on them and the dry wool of superstition.* The lamps in the pitchers are the memories which I expect to be revealed in answer to this revelation, or at all events after my earthly vessel shall have been broken. This figure speaks too loudly to have needed an allusion from me, my history being known. Jephthah's daughter is the church believing in God's inconsistency.

* After putting my manuscript into the printer's hands I have had another application of the figure of Gideon's fleece and the dew suggested to me by a note to Whiston's Josephus, which seems to me decidedly more telling. What so plentiful as the dewfall I have witnessed all around me while I have held my peace! And when I have spoken and claimed that there was dew, presto! never was dust so dry. The dew was a dew from duality of mind, and when two do not act as one, there is none.

Samson is the type of a Nazarite. The prohibition of the fruit of the vine is of little importance to the soul, but if we understand it to typify the fruit of man's proclivities, as set against his knowledge of hard facts, it has a serious meaning. Those proclivities lead to Bacchic furors and premature sacrifices, and these doom to ultimate deposition, as surely as they did Saul. Perhaps Samson's lion and swarm of bees are a foreshadowing of the fortunes of my head, as set forth in these pages. The ass's jawbone is fable and legend converted to the service of Jehovah. The dependence of a man's strength on his hair is a thing not worth disputing about—if true in any instance it would not be worth while to say more than that it was "queer," but I find a meaning for the hair that is very important. The secret is that we must raise a head where we have will, if we would keep it for our own use.

Micah and his graven and molten image are the primitive Christian Church. The Danites are the Gentiles who adopted it. I hope the silver I have found in the stores of Mother Zion will be used as current coin, not made into an idol to be contended for and become a snare, like Gideon's image made of ear-rings.

In Saul looking for his asses I see myself seeking traces of my translated ideas, and now that I lift up my voice among the prophets I hope they are found. Jonathan's honey is the stimulus of false zeal (for what is not essential), which may enlighten the eyes for a time, but is sure to fail in the end. Agag's cattle are the heathenish things which I am trying to extirpate.

In the books of the Kings we find much of the miraculous and supernatural, more in the style of the gospel narratives than any other part of the Old Testament. It is my opinion that Jesus of Nazareth, when he was alive, contended against these stories, from some few traces preserved in Luke, iv., 16. It would be a very little thing to be able to believe in the faithfulness and loving-kindness of God in the case of the widow and her cruse of oil, if we had to accuse Him in every instance the wants of the pious were not supplied. Better be content with the knowledge that all things must be as they are that all things may be fulfilled. All things must have adequate causes, in order that we may have a foundation for our knowledge. We could have no thought but what would prove fallacious, if it were not for the causal connection of all that is sensible to us. Elijah's altar was wet with water as I try to drown out all that is irrational, and yet I have faith that the Lord will send fire to kindle my pile. When Elijah was about to be taken away, he appears to have diffused a knowledge of the coming event, much as I have *imagined* it to happen to me in my wanderings. In Jehu and the priests of Baal there is certainly a lesson and a precedent.

In Daniel there are some strange things which I do not take very literally. It looks to me like saving at the spigot while wasting at the bung. The rock cut out without hands I appropriate to my use. The image is the old idea of religion in the world's mind, partly truth, partly myth.

In the story of Esther I find a perfect parable. The banquet at

which the drinking was without compulsion is the seven years' carnival of the "free will head." Vashti is the old church with her capricious conceits or dogmas. Esther is the chosen spirit of prophecy and legend. Mordecai may stand for Israel. Haman is priestly or ecclesiastical arrogance in general.

The prophets I will take in a lump, with the assurance that no one can fail to see their connection with my destiny. There is a prophecy in Ezekiel, xxxiii., 30, which is very closely paralleled in my experience. You have only to understand the word "covetousness" of the desire to "connect will."

Jonah gives me a parable. I see the word of the Lord come to me in the solitary reflections partially set forth in Chapter IV. I would have fled its execution and lived in seclusion and obscurity, but the storm which arose in 1872 overtook me. How was I thrown overboard? I became oppressive to the will of man around me, and the heaving began, as shown in Chapter VII. I was got completely overboard (out of my head) by the year 1876, when I broke a window on the Sixth Ward in my struggle, and was sent on Ward Seven. Then I was taken in as hinted at in Chapter VI, page 57. Woman was the whale. (Then began the fulfillment of the Song of Solomon, v. 5-7.) Now that I have returned, and stand before the Lord to do His will, I will try to take warning by Jonah's experience, and if the city built of bricks taken from the head of worship when worship was young, as the spider draws her web from her bowels, be not swept away before me like the web I compare it to, I will concede its inhabitants a little longer occupancy, on the ground of their ignorance of right from left. Possibly the shadow of the gourd is the refuge found in the labor of writing this book. It has certainly proved my only means of using my own head. [If it were not mixing metaphors too much, I might say that what wheat I beat out in correspondence with friends and in writing this, was saved from the Midianites.] If the critic be found to be the worm, I must submit to my fate. When man builds his contentment on the will of others, and it becomes known, he becomes *a sin*; and the general average of man's liability to yield to temptation will not fail to pour down on his devoted head a steady glare of the rays of commission.

I have already spoken of a coincidence I found in Lamentations. I want to ask, is it not an illustration of the eternal necessity? Soul-will may draw to its centre more of spiritual domination than belongs there by nature's average conditions, but—the price! The price is what I see in Lamentations, in two parallel cases, of a people and of an individual.

I will say but little on the New Testament history of Jesus. He is represented to have been perfect, I believe, and to have partaken of the omnipotence and omniscience of the Eternal. This view leads me into difficulties. If he was all-powerful, and set above all ordinary conditions of existence, why did he not use his power to conciliate the good will of his adversaries? If he was all-wise, why did he not foresee and avoid the commission of a crime by those adversaries? And if possessed of supernatural powers, how can he be an example

for us, who know nothing of such powers ? The question whether the picture given of him as a supernatural personage is any better than or different from the conception of the pagan deities, and of whether his personal claims, in the shape in which we have them, could be anything more than an evidence of mental exaltation, are questions on which I would be likely to differ with believers of the old school. They are ideas not adapted to a spiritual Nazarite. I am disposed to look at them as evidences of the fulfillment of what Jesus predicted concerning the chamber swept and garnished. Christ's law of morals and righteousness I am willing to pay respect to. To act contrary to it delivers the soul into bondage, I know. Whichever road men take, it is enough to say with him, " Verily, they have their reward."

The destruction of the world by fire, believed in by many as a Christian doctrine, I take to mean the destruction of the old world of false ideas, doomed to annihilation, as the gods of Olympus were consumed before the advancing empire of Christ.

As this chapter is theological I might state my views on the Trinity. The form of that doctrine is the application of the conception of person to God. Persons are properly human beings. Can we not think of the Eternal as higher than all person? The word *person* is a figure of speech in this application. So is the word *atom* as used in the atomic theory. The figure of particles is used for convenience, but it is not literally true of non-granular bodies.

I have given in another place my idea of the dignity of dogmas in their employment. I will here briefly outline my conception of the resurrection, viewed objectively. If I conceive of a new body having the memory which I have of this body's life (and I can find no other idea of the continuance of a soul's life except in the perpetuation or renewal of the memory), would that, in the new body, be a *true* memory? Would it not be a delusion? Would not that be an insane creation? And, looking forward from my present standpoint, if my memory were given to another body would that be my salvation? or violation? The existence of disembodied souls is too incomprehensible for my notice. We know that it is merely a *word*, and as such falls under the head of means of countenance, like growls, sneers, grimaces, gestures, etc. To sum up, my creed is that he who is not satisfied to find the life of his soul in the eternal power of the Creator sets himself up for a rival of God. He may be of the race of giants, but he will never scale heaven. I believe this to have been the conception of Jesus Christ, and his mainstay in his disputes and arguments. The rest had its genesis for the end of will-support by means of form revelation.

I do not thereby deny the future of the soul and its salvation or damnation through judgment. Only we must not make our salvation to depend on the cultivation of an image in the mind that has no logical analogy with the thing to which it ostensibly applies. Such an image is an *idol*, and they who pollute themselves with it are under condemnation for perversity and devilry ("Children of hell"). In my opinion the Church of the present is built on no better foundation.

CHAPTER X.

I have introduced one or two dreams already in the course of my revelations. I will here add a collection of some that have struck me as neater than the average run. All genuine.

THE PUFF-BALL BED.

Was preparing a hot-bed. Had got a nice soft bed made, with the right thickness of manure, and was leveling off the surface of the fine mould. Was indulging in huge anticipations of the coming crop, which was to be of the lowly fungus known as puff-ball. As I sprinkled the surface of the completed bed with a watering-pot I was saying: "Now all I have got to do is to give it a night's time, and then when I come in the morning I shall find them here, great corpulent fellows, as big as my head. I shall gather them up, dozens and armfulls."

PEARL AND ONION.

Was reading, and came to a passage as near as I can remember as follows: "It is a somewhat singular thing, that in Latin the same word that is applied to the most charming of gems (*unio*) should likewise signify the most nauseous and vulgar of vegetables."

THE CALF IN THE GARDEN.

Was near a humble dwelling in the country, with a garden adjacent, when all of a sudden a large red and white calf rushed past me into the garden and began to caper about over the nicely made beds, making great havoc among the young vegetables. The whole family rushed out of the house and gave chase to the calf. "Aha, old fellow," said I to myself, "you will soon be taught better than that." But, instead of the trespasser being violently expelled from the premises, he was a moment afterward brought to docility, and was being petted and fondled by all.

THE THREE GLASSES.

Was looking over a rubbish heap near a hotel. Saw three tumblers of dark-colored bottle-glass. Seeing they were not cracked, I thought they might be worth taking care of. As I was about to pick them up I was noticed from the door by the landlord, who called to me that I had better not meddle with those three glasses; they had been used by a party of very dirty people and were more irredeemably befouled than I knew.

THE UNDERTAKER.

Was living in a village, and in passing out of the door on to the sidewalk, stumbled against a neighbor who was passing. Knew him for an undertaker, Joseph Smith by name. Went into the back yard and had some talk with my mother about undertakers—objected to being buried by a man named Joe Smith. Expected to need services of the kind in a few days. As I talked, I stood and combed down the nap of a shaggy cloak I had on with a coarse comb.

THE WELL IN BAD COMPANY.

Saw a well without a curb, and just at the open mouth of the well a large number of snakes of very loathsome aspect had gathered, and were clinging against the stoned sides, wriggling and turning their heads in all directions in a very lively manner. Just at the side of the well, too, was a small building of the kind anciently known as a draught-house or house of office.

THE COINS.

Had a quantity of gold and silver coins of uncommon size. The gold coins were two or three of them about six inches in diameter and half an inch thick, and I had six or eight more, apparently of half the bulk of the large ones. Of silver coins I had some three times the number of the gold, about the size of the smaller ones. Carried all this hard cash out into a hilly field next to the old district school-house, and spread it out in a hollow, on the ground. Went away and left it. Returned after awhile and found it undisturbed. Went away thus and came back to look after it two or three times. Then put the gold in my pocket and went away, leaving the silver. A little after, my mother came running over the hill crying out that I must be careful about that money, if I had it she had heard something that made her uneasy. We went to where I had left the silver, and every piece of it had disappeared. We then went into the building I had taken for the school-house, but which I found internally like my father's old workshop, and there, under the stove, we found half a dozen or so of the big silver pieces. Was sanguine of finding the rest where the thieves had hidden it, but must have woke up.

THE UNKNOWN TREASURES.

Dreamed I had received a number of articles from my mother, and put them away without very close examination. Afterwards met her, and she asked me about some particular thing she had sent, and I did not know I had it. She recommended me to go and examine my stores with care, and I would find some things that would be of great value to me.

THE INQUEST.

Was up in one of the cherry-trees on the old farm, picking cherries. While gazing absent-mindedly off into the distance, took a care-

less step and fell out of the tree, striking on the fence below with tremendous violence. What was extraordinary, though it was myself that fell, I seemed to remain out of the body and observe my own fall from above. I was taken up for dead, and I saw two men—one in plain garb and without insignia, and another with a tall crosier—standing by me, seeming to wait for me to give signs of life, but I did not revive. There lost the vision, so do not know what was done with the body.

THE HERB TEA.

One night, as the patients were going to bed, one of them—a Greek, named Emmanuel, who roomed across the hall from me—had a difficulty with one of the attendants, and got angry and used rather intemperate language. In the night I dreamed that I was looking for water to wash myself with, and went into the dining-room after some. There I saw on the table a bowl of some kind of herb tea, and poured some of it out into a saucer and rinsed my hands in it. I had no sooner set down the bowl than this patient who had acted so passionately at bedtime, who was sitting at the table eating, caught it up, saying with irritation that it was for him, and drank it off.

THE EGGS.

At first some one was teaching me the art of taking the shell off a raw egg without bursting it. The right way was to get it peeling off all in one sheet, and keep right on around the egg. I succeeded very finely, peeling off a shell with an ease that would not be thought possible. Then saw a vision of a kind of stage, or upright frame, as for a picture, before me, in which appeared the figure of a man fighting. He was dealing fierce and heavy blows, but at first no antagonist was visible. The stage seemed to be filled with enormous eggs, boiled, and with the shells taken off, and the fighter's blows fell upon these giant eggs and made them all quiver again. Then more fighters appeared, all taking a hand in the fray as they came to light, until, finally, the eggs were all gone, and the whole stage formed a tableau of men fighting a desperate and bloody pugilistic battle. Many hard blows had been given, and bloody wounds were seen, when one among the audience where I was, who seemed to be a man of authority, rose to his feet and demanded a cessation of the combat, which being complied with, the play ended.

RAILROAD AND GRAPEVINE.

Found myself in a very singular structure like a square tower built of open lattice-work. I was up near the top of it, at a giddy height, clinging to the slats on the inside. On one side of the tall structure (on the inside) there was a grapevine running straight up to the very top, clothed with short, leafy branches laden with ripe fruit all the way up. At the ground a railroad track ran through the tower, and on one side was the station. A train was about to start, and I was anxious to get down in time to get aboard. I thought of the grapevine,

and looked around that side, when I saw a board with a notice, warning against using the vine as a support, as it would be certain to give way and cause a fall.

THE MATERIA MEDICA.

Was present at a meeting of diplomatic agents, plenipotentiaries, or something of the kind, who had met to negotiate in the interests of two of the "great powers." The address of one had in it a passage like this: "We use remedies drawn from all the kingdoms of nature, animal, vegetable and mineral; among which I will mention *monogdon*, *budulium*, *tulil*, *rissocol*, *polomis*, *ninoicus*, etc., etc., but I don't like either apples or figs." [The strange names I can only give by imitation.]

THE FALL OF THE HOUSE.

The same night I dreamed I was looking out of the window of the (or an) asylum at a very old, crazy-looking building with dormer windows and a thatched roof of weather-beaten, half-rotten straw. Only the upper part of the building was in sight. I heard the voices of people in the house calling to one another with exclamations of curiosity, as if they were examining it for the first time. By and by some one began to shove up one of the dormer sashes. I saw it plainly as it moved upwards, slowly and with an interrupted motion, as if it moved hard. The moment after the window was raised the crazy old house began to creak and groan; it tottered an instant, and then with a lumbering crash its timbers gave way, and it sank down out of my sight. I waited, listening intently, filled with fear for the persons who had been buried in the ruins. For a few moments total silence. Then a mournful voice of anguish began to cry, "Help! help! oh, help me!" and kept on so for some little time, while my thoughts were busy about the question of rescue, and whether there would be danger to those attempting it, and how badly the sufferer was hurt, when the mournful cries for help were suddenly broken off, thus: "Help! help! I never laugh!" The incongruity of this sudden *finale* was so striking that I condemned the vision on awakening as a crazy one; but, as I could not be sure what hidden meaning there might be in it, I report it as it was.

THE NEW GAME.

Saw a level spot of ground on which an enormous quantity of chestnuts was laid out in windrows at right angles, forming regular squares, like a chess-board. A large party of boys were engaged in some kind of a game on this outdoor chess-board, being stationed at certain places among the squares. I could not exactly make out in what the game consisted. The attention of the players was directed towards one particular point off at one side, and the game seemed to be a kind of hide and seek. At length *a dead man's bones* were brought to light at the point of interest, and then there was a change in the play, a general scramble with fistcuffs ensuing. I cannot be

certain whether it was in the game I witnessed or was told of some previous game; but it was so rude a game (the concluding part) that it sometimes cost numerous lives.

THE KNIFE THAT WAS A WING.

The same night dreamed of seeing a gilded insect's wing, like a cicada's, lying between the leaves of a book. Soon after saw several keepers wrestling with a crazy man, trying to get him to give up a knife which he denied the possession of, and it occurred to me that the wing I had seen must be the blade of the knife they wanted.

THE HARNESS-MAKER'S SHOP.

Was out riding with a friend and stopped at a place to have a broken rein mended. The end that was broken off was taken into the shop by my companion, and after he was in it occurred to me that in order to piece it both ends would be needed. Got out and went in, and the first thing I saw was a row of jars of green pickles. In the room next the shop was an immense quantity of ripe muskmelons cut up in quarters, the pulp exposed to swarms of flies. "What a ruinous waste!" thought I. Took one piece and ate it. The owner of the shop came to me right away and said: "Don't you want some nuts, too?" Then demanded pay for the piece of melon, which seemed to me quite an extortion.

THE CAMP AND THE GENERAL.

Was present in the spirit in a large military camp. War was threatened, and the troops gathered in this encampment were new levies. The opinion prevailed among them that there would be nothing serious, that it would blow over or be "compromised" so that they would never be called into the field. I think the time was the beginning of the first French revolution, and the place somewhere in the provinces. All were inclined to take the muster for a holiday pageant or merrymaking, rather than a preparation for the serious business of war. All at once the report spread that the general assigned to the command of the corps was about to arrive in camp. Preposterously enough, the news caused more dismay than gratification. The officers proceeded in a body, however, to give him a worthy reception. They met him just on the outskirts of the camp, unattended and in plain garb. Their address of welcome was a loud remonstrance against his lack of ceremony. The general answered, with the air of one who merely adds a trifling comment to what has been remarked by another, "Yes, that's what I like to see. You have already executed part of my commands, and you do right in coming to me for further instructions."

PREACHERS, ARMY.

Not dreams, but waking visions. I was out in a place in the woods where a hollow of open ground with wooded hills around forms a

sort of amphitheatre. While sitting on a rock on one side of the level open space I heard in fancy, probably from some reverberation of distant sound, the sound of many voices in the distance, all round the opposite side, as it had been a great multitude of apostles preaching in solemn, sonorous accents.

One night I was much troubled after going to bed in the way usual to me, and prayed very earnestly, even vehemently, to rid myself from my bonds. I dropped asleep after a while, and on waking not long after my head was filled with an idea as if I were surrounded on all sides by serried ranks of armed men, a vast, dark, silent host resting on their arms.

THE NEW EDIFICE AND THE CHILDREN.

In a dream had a vision of a grand pile of masonry, a church or cathedral, evidently a new building, just completed. Was viewing it from near by, my post facing one of the corners. At the corner there was a well in the pavement, showing a circular edge of smoothly cut stone and the open mouth of the descending shaft. A little child was playing near the spot, and a man whose appearance reminded me of the cook of the asylum, probably from the white cap which he wore, was employed at some work at the corner. The child in its gambols approached the brink of the well and crept along its edge and hung over its mouth in a way that gave me great alarm for its safety; and I felt that I ought to warn the man to remove it from its place of danger. Afterwards turned my attention to the building itself (I believe the man in the cap had gone away with the child in the meanwhile), and then thought I saw another temptation to danger. The corner was built in such a way, with inclines, projections forming steps, turrets, pinnacles, etc., that it seemed to me to present a temptation to children to use it for a climbing place—and if an adventurous boy should reach that unguarded foothold up there, what imminent peril he would be in of pitching down and dashing out his brains! Expected a visit from a very daring boy in a short time, and trembled lest he might see the opportunity and expose himself to the danger.

CHAPTER XI.

I thought I had gone over the ground of the task I first set myself, after some fashion, when I had completed the foregoing ten chapters, but after a breathing spell I have concluded (Feb., 1879) to try to fill up the gap in the biographical narrative, completing the circuit by giving an outline of the stages of my mania from 1872 to the time of writing.

In the first days of my troubles from exposure to hearing disagreeable things, I was accustomed to hear my condition spoken of as a manifestation of animal magnetism. I heard a great deal about "inducting," "conducting," "sphere of influence," sometimes even "poles," positive and negative, and my brain was constantly compared to a magnet. It was asserted that my powers as a mental magnet had been discovered while I lived in Fulton Street, and that the Clinton Street house had been let to mother for the express purpose of trying the great experiment, as it was the only house in the village that a chain could be connected around—that is to say, that was within easy ear-shot of other dwellings on all sides. Of course I do not believe this, but it is hard to doubt that these things were said for the momentary effect. When I repeated any of the items obtained in this way I "ventilated delusions." To return to the question of magnetism, I could find no better basis of explanation myself for a long time than the theory of a fluid similar to or the same as electricity, uniting brains.

There were many very extraordinary things thrown up to my suffering ears in those days, of which I have been undecided how much it is expedient to report. One was the story of an English physician, who had become acquainted with my magnetic properties at the other place, and who was on the spot at the beginning, directing the experiment. He was stated to have been the first to form a perfect communication with the inducted brain, and he had "drawn off" my entire memory back to childhood, and had delivered it verbally in the presence of reporters from the city, who had taken it down. It was stated that the record was preserved in a number of thick volumes. These he had taken with him when he sailed for England, during the most prosperous part of the great experiment. It was further asserted that he continued in communication with my thoughts, and that wherever he went every one to whom he told the story of the new marvel was also set in connection with the magnetic current flowing from my head and began to participate in my thoughts. So of all others who had been connected. I at one time was disposed to credit these things myself; but I am in the habit of requiring evidence for what I believe, and as there was none this

part of the conceit was dropped. One word more of the English doctor. He was said to have declared that if he had assisted at my birth he would not have suffered me to remain alive, as the monstrous character of my organization could have been seen at a glance. One more point of the "great miracle." After the whole earth had become pervaded by the magnetism from my head, it would be felt as long as I lived, and the instant of my death would be thus signaled all over the globe, and would be noted and used by all nations as a new era from which to reckon time.

I was compelled to hear a great deal about the dislike and animosity entertained by "the whole village" for me, and was at times driven to believe these things also. One evening I told my mother on her return from a neighborly visit that she must go away and leave me alone, as there was going to be an attack made on me by a mob, and I did not want her to share the danger. That night I for some time sincerely and confidently believed that part of the village population had decided in mass meeting to come and seize me, and after leading me at the head of the procession through the streets of the village, blow out my brains and bury my body at across-roads with a stake driven through my heart. My mind had been carried away by what seemed sufficient evidence to me in the state I was in. I cannot to this day doubt but that the threats and demonstrations influencing me were real, though a freer state of mind showed them to have been mere show.

It was sometimes said by my persecutors that if I should venture out into the village the whole town would be after me with hue and cry; but when I went out for a walk I found everything as quiet as it ever was, and no signs of mobs or tumult.

Sometimes after I had been hard pressed by my wordy foes there was a sudden change in my feelings, and it was heralded forth that the experiment had been carried as far as was desired and I was now "let up." My brain was now burnt out and I was abandoned to die, as I was certain to, in a short time, of inanition. This likewise gained my credence for the moment, and I was on one or two such occasions goaded by my strong sense of injustice and outrage to resort to invective, and even hasty threats.

About that time I missed one week's number of the Weekly Tribune, to which I was a subscriber, and I heard it stated that it had been withheld by the postmaster, Dr. Snedecker, because he knew that it contained an article referring to me, and branding me as one who had proved himself "The Greatest Fool on Earth." (Worse than "Moses.")

I think one particular Sunday afternoon which I remember was about as horrible for the sense of "fear on every side," with no way to turn, as any part of it. I imagined our neighbor the undertaker put his face close to the blinds of one of the open windows of the ground-floor room where I was and shouted gruffly: "Bury you tomorrow!" My mind was drawn all ways at once by strange and incomprehensible, but so much the more affrighting accusations, some of

which I spoke of to my mother and tried to clear myself. In a clearer state of mind they would have been meaningless. When my state of hopeless entanglement and writhing, agonized perplexity was at its height I heard the voice of Mrs. Pettit, "Oh! the poor thing can't see that he's mad!" the comment falling upon the scene of gloom in a way that increased my confusion rather than consoled. All my feelings and thoughts appeared to be thus overlooked by those near and maliciously taken advantage of. It seems to me that this is a species of torment that the poets of the classical age never chanced upon in their delineations of Tartarus.

Sometimes after I had been looking into my books passages would keep flitting back in rather an erratic way. One day it was so with a Latin sentence I had chanced on in a note to Whiston's Josephus:—"egomet tabulas detuli ut vincirer" (I myself carried the letter commanding that I be bound), attributed to Bellerophon. Before night I got in a state of greater perplexity than usual and smashed out a window-sash with a chair. When some of the neighbors came in I told them I wanted to see the justice or constable and be taken care of. At that instant I heard a man's voice call out, seeming to come from the direction of Washington Street: "If he ain't a prophet there never was a prophet—'tabulas dedi ut vincer.'" But no one came to bind me.

The Rev. Geo. Lansing Taylor was at that time stationed in Hempstead, and his residence on Washington Street was near enough for me to hear him singing hymns with his family. My imagination dragged him likewise upon its stage, and I frequently thought myself holding colloquies with him. One day when I heard him taking me to task for some silly thing that had just jumped across my mind I defended myself by saying that it was not my thought. "Whose thought was it, then?" "It made itself by a fortuitous concourse of words." "The same process made you!" One evening my mother having made the remark that the mosquitoes, which were making their shrill music around, "lay still all day and then came out at night and sang," I heard Mr. Taylor call out loudly in a jocular tone: "Then I must be a kind of a big mosquito, for I keep still all day and then start up at night and go to singing," and immediately he broke out singing in a very merry strain. My mother heard the singing, for she spoke of it, but the wonder was, how the remark I imagined fitted on to it so well. If it had followed it it would have been less remarkable. Or was that short strain I heard at that particular time imaginary likewise? (He paused after a bar or so, like one who awaits the effect of his sally.) I also imagined Mr. Taylor as making comments on my knowledge of Latin, sometimes, and correcting me. Once I thought I heard him say I was the only godless being he had ever met with in the course of his whole ministry. He also criticised the excessive freedom of some in applying opprobrious names to me. He said it would not have been so bad if they had called me "Long John," or some similar nickname, but some they used were quite too inhumanly scandalous.

One Sunday evening, after committing some act of violence at home, I took refuge at my aunt's, declaring that my neighbor, John Pettit, was the devil. While there I thought I would try to verify these things about the Rev. Mr. Taylor. I sent word to him to call there after services. I wrote out a statement of some of the things mentioned above, and intended to present it to him, and ask him if those things were real, and done by him. On his arrival I was so strongly impressed by the incongruity between his dignified appearance and the manner of speaking I had imagined of him, that I backed out, and expressed my conviction that he could not be the man. My uncle's is nearly opposite the M. E. church, and while waiting there I could hear the minister preaching. It seemed to me that I could make out his words without effort, and heard him declaiming fluently about the great miracle that was to fill the whole earth with its fame, and usher in a new era, etc. I tried to shut my ears to it, for I knew *that* was all-crazy imagination.

One day when I was pestered as usual by the voices of unseen and elusive commenters, constantly repeating over my thoughts as they occurred, I called them a set of parrots, and a recollection was awakened by the circumstance of something I had once read in Goldsmith's Animated Nature, and on referring to the book I found the parallel surprisingly close, his frequent use of the word *fowler* giving it an additional point of resemblance, as if prophetic.

After my deranged state became so evident, early in the summer, my friends naturally began to think of removing me to an institution for the insane. The preliminaries took some time, and it was not till near the end of July that I could be taken. The thought of my leaving her and becoming an inmate of a lunatic asylum was very painful to my mother, no doubt nearly as much so as would have been my removal by death. I was buffeting in such a boundless sea of troubles all the while that I had no time to reflect on my prospective fate. One idea which had rooted itself in my mind, from the opinion generally held in the world in which I had lived, was modified somewhat by my subsequent experience. I was accustomed to think of insanity as very nearly incurable, and of patients when admitted to an asylum as taking up their quarters there for life. After I became an asylum patient I found that quite a different view prevailed, and that "getting well" was the one thing to be looked forward to.

I heard of the Poughkeepsie Asylum for the first time when I was told that I was to be sent there. I had some anticipation that after I reached the asylum I might succeed in getting the medical authorities to give serious attention to my representations—possibly convince them that I was not deluded, and get things put on their true foundation. I was not at all sanguine, however. The day set for my trip to Poughkeepsie was Tuesday, the 30th of July. My situation was so unendurable in Hempstead that I was anxious to be allowed to go on Saturday, but it did not suit the convenience of the gentleman who was to accompany me. On Friday afternoon

I got so excessively irritated that I was certain I could not stand it four days longer without losing command of myself, and just at dusk I suddenly resolved to escape from my besetting troubles by flight. I started off on the instant, declaring that I shook off the dust of my feet against the place, and in a few minutes I was making my way across the plains, with the village low down upon the horizon behind me. Some voices of boys playing floated thence to my ear, seeming to me to say: "What does that young man think of Mrs. Montfort?" "and when he comes back we'll ride him on a rail."

I met a man in a wagon who, as soon as my mind took in the idea of his approach, before he was near enough to see, much less recognize me, I am certain, began whistling in a forced manner. As I passed near a house a man was just throwing some water out of a pail. He also began whistling, and a female voice inside the house remarked, as if in explanation: "An idiot by the name of Fowler."

I took the line of the railroad and walked at a good pace for Jamaica. A dark cloud gathered and I expected a heavy shower was coming, but it cleared away again and the moon was shining brightly before I reached Jamaica. In one house I passed I could see the shadows of two women sitting inside projected against the window-curtain or shade. When I had got perhaps about as near as to the man on the plains the heads were suddenly thrown back and they laughed loudly, in elfish mockery, as it struck me.

I had relatives in Jamaica, and I thought I would go to the residence of one and ask to be sheltered until morning, and then take the cars for Williamsburgh. After inquiring several times I found the place and rang the bell. Soon after I rang I heard some one say inside: "That's John Fowler. They've persecuted him so in Hempstead that he's run away." Another voice answered: "What did he make such a fool of himself for, then? If he hadn't he wouldn't have been persecuted." I went away without waiting for the door to be opened.

After going a little way I halted, and was thinking to myself what was best to be done, as I was tired and would have preferred to rest till morning, when a window was raised in a house not far off and some one began whistling. Directly a woman remarked: "He sees that his fame has preceded him." I immediately took leave of the place and passed on towards the west by the "South road," passing the house on the corner where I had spent five melancholy years, now eclipsed by the more infernal gloom of a later time. I will mention in passing that the house had the name of "the haunted house" among a certain class when we hired it, but I found no ghosts there but those I carried.

While I was coming across the plains I had heard a kind of low croaking off in the distance, but I had attributed it to frogs. After I passed out of Jamaica I found that it was caused by crows. It appeared they had waited for me while I had halted in the village and now started on to keep me company. I saw them take flight from near

"Wallace's pond" as I approached, and heard their choked guttural croaking on each side of me as I walked along. I was reminded of their habit of following sick animals, and fancied that they knew my state of infirmity and weakness by instinct and were following me to await the moment I should fall. I really felt that there was danger that I might give out from exhaustion at any moment. As I stumbled on, dragging my wearied limbs, my flesh fairly crawled to think what would be my fate if it should be so. I tried to think whether I had not read a ghastly legend somewhere of just such a thing as was happening to me—it seemed to my deranged senses that I could see in myself the fulfillment of a horrid prophecy, and I sought its place in my memory. There really was no such thing except as it had been created by my prompters of dread in Hempstead and was made by my crazed condition.

I trudged until I could propel my unwilling limbs no longer, and then went into the yard of a small but respectable looking house (it was on a cross-road), and looked for a place to rest until morning, expecting that I should then find myself too weak to get further and would be obliged to ask assistance of the occupants. I went back and examined a small barn in the rear of the lot, but it was fastened, looking as if it were empty and unused; then came back and seated myself on the front stoop and rested in a half-conscious state, trying to think what I should have to say in the morning when they found me there. As I sat there it seemed to me I could hear people inside whispering to one another and making comments on me. When day began to break I suddenly discovered that my exhaustion had been but temporary, and got up and started off. As I went out I thought I heard one of the whisperers say: "Well, there! if that don't beat all!" At the same time I did not believe any one had noticed me or that I had heard a sound. I was exact in drawing the line between what I would and what I would not believe. As I passed out my old companions the crows were seen flying off with loud cawings, very different from their nocturnal note.

I trudged on to East New York, there borrowed money to pay my fare to Williamsburgh, took a street-car and arrived at my aunt's without mishap. On the trip a German sitting by me made a loud remark in German, as near as I remember: "Das ist das grösste Mirakel von der ganzen Welt. Jeden Gedanken, der ihm in den Kopf gekommen ist, hat die ganze Village gehört." (That is the greatest miracle in the whole world. Every thought that came into his head the whole village heard.) I stayed with my relatives in Williamsburgh over Saturday and Sunday, and on Monday was taken to the asylum at Poughkeepsie. While walking down to the ferry it came into my head: "I am going now like a lamb to the slaughter." An answer came from some one on the front platform of a street-car that was just passing: "As perfect a sheep as ever I saw."

In passing through New York City in a street-car it appeared to me that every one I heard talking shifted the subject as soon as I fixed my attention on him to "He set that whole village against

him by his constant monotonous whistling." The whistling of every street-boy, and the shrill whistles which I heard blown at every turn, struck upon my lacerated nerves most painfully. Perhaps midway of the trip, or later, a plainly-dressed woman of middle age entered the car. Room was made for her on my side of the car, but she refused to take the seat, saying, "I am afraid it might incommodate that young gentleman there," pointing to me. She stood and seemed to regard me benevolently. Whatever the magnetism of her manner may have been, from that moment I took no more notice of the things that had harrowed my soul before.

On embarking at the Grand Central Depot I heard it remarked by one, and assented to by several others, "No fear of an accident this trip, any way," or it may have been, "this side of Poughkeepsie," which I understood to be an expression of faith in my fixed and fated destiny. Coming up it seemed to me that every one on whom my eye fell immediately directed his gaze towards the window where I sat. A lady sitting near me in the car seemed to me to be dancing attendance by her remarks on the trip up. Just before I left the car at Poughkeepsie, she observed, "He's the only (or first) American specimen of a French fool," whoever she may have alluded to.

CHAPTER XII.

After reaching the Hudson River State Hospital my mother, who accompanied me, had a conversation with Dr. Cleaveland in the office on the symptoms of my case at home. I sat at some little distance from them, and I imagined I heard the doctor use the words "dementia" and "desipientia," which is not at all probable. Doctor Cleaveland also came to me and asked me some questions, and told me in conclusion that a little rest was sometimes very beneficial. The kind of rest I found will soon appear.

I was ushered into hall six, the convalescent ward, and my mother soon after took leave of me. This was my first separation from her for more than a day or two.

As I sat in the hall, filled with the strangeness of my new surroundings, a middle-aged patient who was pacing back and forth in the sitting-room (whom I afterwards knew as "Mead") was heard to begin soliloquizing after this manner, seeming to eye me furtively and suspiciously as he passed the while: "He's a fool. What business has he got in a place for lunatics? This is a hospital for insane men. I am an insane man. He's a fool," and so on. This was my salutation of welcome from a fellow-patient.

I was called to the attendants' room by Mr. Pritchard, the Supervisor, to see about the articles in my trunk, etc., and after I had come up to him, he turned away to another attendant present and said, "He's got an eye like a horse, hasn't he?" "He's a regular dromedary, that's what *he* is." I did not know whom he could have alluded to other than myself. I certainly understood it so. I dwelt on the words, and was pondering on his singular manners, when I heard him begin correcting thoughts I had not uttered, "I didn't say he looked you in the eye like a horse, I said he had an eye like a horse," or much to that effect. I saw that the change of sky had not changed the atmosphere of the soul.

I was treated in a very gentlemanly way by Mr. Henry Jones, one of the attendants, who told me to make myself perfectly at home, showed me the ice-water jar, the places in the hall appropriated to various uses, etc. It has often occurred to me that new patients might be saved some mortification by a little information at the start about the usages of the place. For instance, at meal-time a new patient does not know that he must keep his seat until the knives and forks are gathered up and the word is given, and he is apt to start up to leave the room as soon as he sees the meal is about over. He is then commanded to sit down, and the unceremonious way this is commonly done is not agreeable to a person with weak, deranged nerves. It happened to me the first meal, and though I could not complain of

lack of civility in my case, it was unpleasant to feel that I had made the mistake.

I soon found more troublesome things to employ my attention than such trifles. I had at home been separated from my fellow-beings by a voluntary or necessary self-isolation of long standing. I now had to mix among them, and it would not have been strange if my sensations had undergone a change from the novelty. The disagreeable thing was that I saw everywhere a disposition to set up a moral barrier of separation. I will give some of the little evidences of this which my memory has preserved from those first days of my asylum life. If they are not matters of fact they were imaginary. If imaginary, it cannot be denied that they were the product of a most extraordinary imagination.

On my exit from the dining-room after supper—my first meal, as I arrived in the afternoon—I heard a man speaking rapidly on the hall in an oratorical manner, as if delivering a piece prepared for the occasion. I will not pretend to be able to report all his words faithfully, but it was something like this:

"This young man might have come here and lived like any other patient, and attracted no attention, if it hadn't been for that letter he wrote to Dr. Frost. After Dr. Frost read that, you see, he reported it to the doctors here, and the doctors here, you see, they thought they would try a little experiment in conducting him. *If it hadn't been for that* [with great emphasis] he might only have been known as the *silent* young man, WHO DIED!! in the Poughkeepsie asylum. But when the doctors here read what he told about connecting his ideas they thought it was too interesting a thing to be let slip, and so *they* sent to the doctors on Long Island, and *they* inquired of Mrs. Montfort and the neighbors, you see, and learnt from them the way to go to work to connect him. Then *they* reported to the doctors here, you see, and they told us just how to do, and now we are going to try a little experiment in conducting his magnet. *If it hadn't been for that* he might only have been known as the *silent* young man who died! in the Poughkeepsie asylum," etc.

I felt from that moment that I had been entrapped, and what little self-possession I might have retained deserted me. The voice and delivery were like those of Mr. Fitchett, the attendant who had waited on the table, but to tell the truth, I was so demoralized and bereft of the use of my natural senses that I could get no distinct idea of the actor. I only had a dim impression of passing a group of men in going from the dining-room to the room I had selected for my bedroom, and hearing this oration. My ideas flew away upon the wings of the haranguer's voice, and from that time I was *connected*. My will-less brain obeyed sound, and my companions in the ward became devils in my acoustic pandemonium.

This was the chief of many demonstrations observed by me, indicative of the determination I have spoken of, of setting up an artificial barrier. Nearly all the patients indulged in more or less disagreeable remarks, either in my presence or directly after speaking civilly

to me, all of which took effect in impelling my feelings in a hopeless direction. Such chance expressions as, "He's a fool, and a fool created" (Baudry), "He's an outcast, that's what he is" (Landres), and the like, uttered by persons within the sphere of my observation where I could not mistake their being intended for me, were not calculated to reassure a nervous, sensitive person, abandoned without help or countenance among total strangers. There was no doubt a natural motive for all these things, but I will not pretend to be able to define what it was.

My first meeting with Dr. Kellogg occurred the next morning after my admission. He sat down by me and made particular inquiries about the form of my affection, and I gave quite a minute description of "how it appeared to me." I said, "For instance, I hear voices out there now. Now if I direct my attention to them I hear them immediately begin saying disparaging things of me, or repeating and commenting on what I am thinking of." This was kept in my ears a good deal afterwards, and I heard accusations that I had made an enemy of every one who was within hearing of me at the time I thus "proceeded to exemplify." After the doctor had made his entry in his case book and assured me that I was a very insane man, and the sooner I made up my mind that these were delusions the better it would be for me, he went away some yards distance and halting said some words to Henry Jones, the attendant accompanying him, which I understood to be, so far as I can recall them from the well remembered sense: "I never was more deceived in a case in my life. From his looks I should have thought it simple desipientia. All we can do is to keep him here for awhile and then send him on to Utica, for we can see it's incurable." Where I thought I heard him say Utica he motioned towards the east, but it was in what I then supposed to be the direction of Utica, as I had not got my bearings in my new place. I have some doubts about how much of what I understood was really said by Dr. Kellogg. My mind had got so fixed in the habit of straining to give shape to sounds it received, that it no doubt often reconstructed falsely that which had lost its distinctive moulding ere reaching it.

I was some time in getting the relative positions held by the medical and other authorities settled correctly in my mind. I thought I heard Dr. Kellogg called "the Principal," and attached that title to him in my thoughts for some time. I heard numberless remarks about what the Principal would do if I should tell him certain thoughts and notions. "If he should tell that to the Principal, he would say it was a case of confirmed dementia and send him off to Utica to be put through another experiment." "If he should tell that to the Principal, he would say it was nothing but desipientia and send him to the idiot asylum at Troy." I even made the blunder of asking one of the attendants who was describing the different officials to me and naming them if Dr. Kellogg was the one they called the Principal. I recollect the instant after that I must not take any of this fooling in earnest.

I gave the attendants the appellation of janitors before I learned the usual term, because their duties seemed to be mainly locking and unlocking doors. I heard the same word used by my swarm of ear-wigs—for instance, “He’s a fool to be so particular about his bed; I just make up mine rough, and leave it to be rectified by a *janitor*.”

Much was said about the inappropriateness of keeping “a fool in a lunatic asylum,” and it was proposed to “send for his relatives to come and get him,” “send him to Utica for another experiment,” “send him down to Ward’s Island,” “send him to the idiot asylum,” “send for that English doctor and *draw him off*,” etc., all of which nonsense served to fill my ears for the time being.

It was repeated numberless times, “If we once get him well connected, all the rest will be easy.” What was meant by “the rest” I do not know, and made many surmises, hopeful or despondent, according to the state of my feelings. Sometimes I thought that the result of getting my brain strongly connected would be to exhaust it utterly, and leave me in a state of imbecile inanition; sometimes I had hopes that when “*that* was eliminated out,” a contingency often spoken of, my brain would be relieved of its disease. It was said that the object of my being brought to the asylum was that I might be kept constantly connected until I was “eliminated out.” The word *eliminate* was ceaselessly harped on. If of subjective origin, the introduction of this and other words has a very wonderful look. It was a word I had never used, and when it was first thrown up I was not even certain of its meaning. I first heard it from Mrs. Montfort and her sister in Hempstead. Sometimes when I was eating I heard them saying at each mouthful, “There won’t a particle of that be assimilated—it will all be eliminated,” until I was maddened.

Many times I strove to escape from the influences operating on me by stopping my ears and shunning the din of voices. A day or two after I entered I was so got the better of by my lurking foes, that I gave up in despair, thinking my nervous system was disabled for good, and went to bed with the belief that I should never leave it alive. Taking it as I imagined it, I could have said with perfect truth that “mine enemies compassed me round about to take away my soul.” When a noisy set of patients were talking and laughing in the sitting-room, the combined volume of sound would be transmitted to my ears as connected speech, and I pondered much on the way this was given its shape. I had a theory that there was a person down-stairs who was in connection with me, and who had the power of *articulating* sounds for my ear. It was really done by my crazed imagination.

It was wonderful what effects were produced. At one time I heard the voice of a person in the far distance, speaking constantly in a loud oratorical voice, interpreting every thought and conception that arose in my mind with a fluency and copiousness of wording that was astounding, and which I never could have aspired to by my own exertions. If I suffered my eyes to rest on the distant landscape, the

objects seen were successively described in flowing periods, and the whole delivered in a finished and effective style of elocution. My monitors on the hall said that there had been a professor of elocution engaged by the doctors for the express purpose of thus "drawing him off."

I made some very curious conjectures on what was going on down at headquarters—at the office on the hall below, where this manager of the "great experiment" was operating. I heard it said that he was drawing off a current of mental magnetism from my head, and I wondered whether they had determined the nature of the fluid, whether they had meters sensitive to it, and how the results of the experiment would be preserved. I felt that if I could feel satisfied that I was being sacrificed in the interests of science and the welfare of the human race, I could be consoled at my fate and sufferings. Sometimes when I breathed a tune to myself or read in a whisper, I would hear the manager, seemingly in a state of desperate exasperation, shouting that one of his most beautiful experiments had been entirely ruined by the disturbance my whisper had produced. Those by whom I was immediately surrounded had many things to report about what "the Doctor said." "The Doctor says that of all the horrible experiments he ever heard of this is the worst." "The Doctor is delighted with the success of the experiment." "The Doctor says he was in a condition of confirmed paresis when he first came in." The word *paresis* I was entirely unacquainted with, and I speculated whether it was not a derivation from the Latin *per*, through, and *esus*, eaten, meaning gluttony. One morning when I was eating quite heartily of oatmeal mush and milk at breakfast, Henry Jones, who sat next to me, at the end of the table, slyly said, "That's peresis."

Some of the things that I suffered from my besiegers were more than annoying—they were frightful. This happened when my feelings took a gloomy turn. At one such time I was struggling to uphold the idea that though parted from my mother, we would meet again—if not on earth, in eternity. A voice was there to baffle me, and shouted in my ear, "You will not meet!"

For some time I heard it constantly asserted that I was "the first human candidate for vivisection," and, as at Hempstead, there were intervals when I was so carried away by the force of the words kept constantly present in my brain that I really gave full credence to it. One bathing day, I think the first time I took a bath, I was filled with the horrifying anticipation that I was to be dissected alive, and pictured to myself what my sensations would be when I was fastened to the dissecting table and my veins had begun to be laid bare under the merciless dissecting knives of the doctors. I heard it said that no chloroforming could be allowed, because insensibility would frustrate the object of vivisection. It is a striking example of the horrors of insanity. But was this in my case *all* insanity?

I often reasoned by myself to put these things in the light of illusions, but the "illusions" themselves took up the subject, and at each speech connecting my brain with particular distinctness, would

tauntingly say, "Wonder if *that's* hallucination?" They also bandied about as a seasonable joke, "We say hallucination—he says *HELL-loose-ination*."

There were some things that it would be hard to put in the light of illusions. For instance, a patient named Craven ventilated a stanza of doggerel in which *mister* rhymed with *Lister*, to the effect that: "There was a woman in our town, Her name was Mrs. Lister; She thought she'd show this Fowler That his name it wasn't *mister*." I think I can testify that I *overheard* this—that is to say, out of what I have called the retromental connection. I understood *Lister* to be put for *Luyster* for the sake of the rhyme. The rhyme did not state a fact, that I know of, as applied to Mrs. *Luyster*. It was said on the hall (in fooling) that Mrs. *Luyster* had visited the asylum a short time before I came, and told them all about the remarkable case that was coming, and how they must attract my attention to enjoy the new wonder. The laundry girls lodging in the old office in front of my window took hold of hands and formed a line one day when I was looking out of the window, and swinging themselves up and down, cried, "*Luyster! Luyster! Luyster!*" which maneuver looked mysterious to me. If pointed at me I do not think it connected "*the head's*" attention very strongly.

One Sunday, I think the first, as I was going in to dinner some gentlemen stood in the hall, among them Mr. Hume, the assistant steward. He made the remark, "We said *perfect autonomy*; he understood *perfect anatomy*." After that, for a month or over, until it wore out, I heard the word *autonomy* at every tack and turn. I was the finest specimen of an *autonomy* the world ever produced, but the attributes of the animal thus named were rated by some very low indeed—a compound of evil impossibilities and mysteriously evident worthless perfection and damnable innocence. Whether consistent or contradictory, every one of the numberless speeches thrown out reached its end of impaling my mind, and I was utterly powerless to lift myself clear.

My flattering idea of the fruits to be expected from a reasonable discussion of the facts of my case with the medical authorities could not have been expected to survive the sort of events that followed my arrival. If I had retained any traces of it they would have been dissipated by what I noticed of them when they appeared on the ward, Dr. Kellogg particularly. If the most prominent catchword of the day happened to be "*moral magnet*," and there was some such thing constantly flying, I would no sooner direct my attention towards the Doctor than I heard from him, "Is that the young man who imagines himself a *moral magnet*?"—sufficient to discourage any appeal to him on the annoyance. Sometimes it was a comment to an accompanying stranger:—"He thinks there have been two experiments and this is the second."

After I had been in the asylum something over a month my endurance gave way one evening after I had gone to bed, from annoyances proceeding from those walking and talking on the hall, and I smashed

out a pane of the window near the head of my bed and then defied the keepers to do their worst. I was sent on hall three, where I remained one week, wearing the "wristlets" at night, leather bands around the wrists fastened by brass sliding loops to a belt around the waist. This is the only experience I have had of any form of restraint. While on the violent hall I suffered some disagreeable things in the way of smells and deprivation of conveniences enjoyed above, but my particular trouble was lighter in degree there. After I returned on the convalescent hall I was at times quite hard pressed—got frightened one day and wrote a very despairing letter to my mother, without getting permission of the Doctor, under the impression that I was on the eve of taking leave of my senses forever from the effect of the operations carried on against me, which letter was fortunately not sent. (The only letter of mine that was ever suppressed.)

Towards spring there began to be an improvement. In the latter part of February I was given permission to go out in company with other trustworthy patients, and early in the spring the privilege was extended to complete freedom to go out unaccompanied where I pleased.

CHAPTER XIII.

When pleasant weather came in the spring I availed myself liberally of my parole, and stayed out by myself the greater part of the time, often taking long walks out into the surrounding country, exploring and botanizing in this region so different in its formation and features from my Long Island home. About this time I was in as flourishing a state of physical health, I think, as I have been at any time since I have been in the hospital. I found by the test of the scales that I was taking on flesh quite rapidly, but the increase did not last long enough to load my frame to excess. I attributed the check to over-exercising by taking too long tramps, but it might better be put to the account of my defective internal laboratory.

My life in the open air, out of the reach of the source of my grand trouble, had a most encouraging effect on my mental health likewise. During that first summer the trouble from talkers was so diminished as to be scarcely perceptible. I might sometimes be attracted and have suspicions, but the preternatural effect could not be distinguished.

I now began to write with freedom to my relatives (I had been given permission to seal my letters), and I was not chary in discussing the great wonders I had passed through. I spoke of them as "a thing of the past," and was desirous of knowing of my friends whether they demanded that I should regard them all as delusions. I described some particular things and made some inquiries for the purpose of rectifying my ideas.

One discovery which I made was not calculated to weaken my faith in the substantial foundation of these mysterious things. On a certain occasion, at the time I believed myself to be communing with Mrs. Pettit, I had recalled to mind a certain person, a girl of about fifteen, whom I had often seen passing the house where I lived the previous year. As I thought of her her image rose vividly before my mind, and I recalled a certain gesture of hers which was strikingly characteristic of her. At that moment I heard Mrs. Pettit say, as I understood it: "That was Amy ——," etc. After I had begun to correspond with my friends in Hempstead it occurred to me that it would be something of a clue if I could find out whether that was the true name of the person I had had in my mind. I wrote to my cousin asking if she knew of a girl of that name in the village, and requested her, if so, to describe her. She answered that there was one named *Mimie* ——, and from her description it was easy to recognize her as the one I meant. The conclusion to which I was driven will not fail to strike any one. There might be a theory raised to account for my imagining it, on the supposition that I had heard her named, and

though I did not consciously remember the name, it lay in the outskirts of the memory so as to be raised up before me as an illusion in the decapitated state it came to me. Of course I believed the *probable* thing to be that Mrs. Pettit had said Mamie, and I had failed to catch the initial sound. This little piece of evidence seemed to pass for nothing with my friends, however, so far as their acceding to my view of the case was concerned. My persistent arguments no doubt had for their effect the confirming of my friends in their opinion of my desperate state of monomaniacal lunacy. I seemed to see evidences of it later.

It is the established custom with the majority of lunatic asylum patients who are doing well, and many who are not, to keep dinning their friends' ears with entreaties to be taken home. During this interval of promise I sent my thoughts in that direction myself, but there were strong reasons why I should not be excessively anxious. The memory of the old horrors lying in the space I had passed over, the inimical agencies which I could not possibly believe to be unreal, and which gained an additional dash of dread from being so unfathomable and elusive, took from me all confidence in going back to stay with my mother in Hempstead on the same old footing. I knew that the truth was concealed from me, and my instincts told me that it would not be safe. I had longings that Providence might permit me to recover my health and confidence, and that I might be enabled to make an examination into the debatable events, and satisfy myself as to the true facts.

Why was it that this bright vision could not be realized? On a medical basis this question would be answered very summarily, by saying that my disease was not cured, and this was only a flattering remission—one of the most common things in insanity.

I think I have justification for looking higher than this. There was something in the eternal plan, extending far beyond what belonged to my private destiny, that had not been fulfilled. A war had been begun, and after severe conflicts an armistice had intervened—it was not meant to be a peace. I neither could discover my old foes during this truce nor did I know the Arbiter, but I see it all now.

As to the great purpose fated to be accomplished there can be no doubt, but I do not know what part of that purpose may have application to my fortunes while I live. I have thought that the thing to be expected might possibly be most truthfully looked at in the light of an even exchange—I to be granted that which I most covet, access to the truth and a common confession of the truth in return for the receipt by the world at my hands of an appointed covenant and revelation of truth. It is certain that a lying diagnosis can only be a base for a false treatment, from which none but disastrous results are to be expected. I know this is what I am condemned to submit to, and I would not be too sanguine about a revolution. Perhaps I do not deserve it. It is equally certain that institutions and doctrines tainted with the venom of falsehood must spread disas-

trous consequences all around. I see that the world's present system of sacred instruction includes this venom and recognize my mission as its reformation. It will be done, whether I see any part of the operation while I behold the light of day or not. This is the *quid pro quo* which I see myself to be empowered to offer.

During my hopeful spell I had an opportunity of learning what life in an asylum was like to an ordinary patient, without imaginary or special additions, on which topic I will not waste many words, as it is apart from the direct aim of my chronicle. There are many things about this manner of living that cannot but weigh upon the spirit of the inmate, especially a sensitive person with a standard of his own on most points. I fretted a little at the difficulties I found in doing anything the least bit deviating from the machine-like routine of the place. It is not expected that a patient is to have any choice of his own or that he will want to overstep the discipline imposed on him. Most have too little determination and intelligent directness of application ever to cross this line, or expend all their energies on the one idea of "getting out." Perhaps the majority never feel the difference. For my part, as my stay threatened to be prolonged, I tried to have the bars slackened as much as was consistent with the rules of the institution. I have often heard it remarked by people around to this effect: "Now here's Fowler. He's settled himself here and seems to quite enjoy himself." It is a fact that the Superintendence has been very kind in allowing me as many concessions as the place admitted of, and for that indulgence I am duly thankful.

The prospect of becoming helpless so as to have to be taken care of has seemed to have a repellent effect on my feelings in spite of me, and I believe that I have derived an added energy of will from this dread. I felt this in the earlier days more than I do now. There is one feature about the necessary mode of carrying on asylums that cannot but have a dread-inspiring influence on a person of a rather sensitive temperament. It is the uncertainty of everything. You have nothing at all that can be secured to you, nothing to count on except the simple hap-hazard routine treatment. You may make partial acquaintances here, but to-morrow it may be necessary to shift you to another ward, and there you will be simply *numerus*. So of your room, bed, etc. You may be a cleanly person, but you must take your chance of being put on a bed that steams of fetid, acrid emanations till you fear that you will be poisoned through the pores of your body. This feeling of helpless exposure on the billows of other and indifferent, callous people's wills is the one great bugbear of these institutions, in my estimation. As I have said, I have not felt it excessively myself, because of exemption for reason. This feature cannot be very well got rid of, and it would be wrong to make the conduct of the employees responsible for the pressure felt. These institutions are public necessities, and they are unquestionably the means of the recovery of great numbers, from the regularity of the mode of living they enforce, also from the

breaking up of old habits of mind; and as for their uncomfortable points, the patient would be so anywhere. Anywhere else he would be a well-spring of discomfort to others.

I will now leave asylum life in general and look at my fortunes in particular. My breathing spell came to an all too early close, and I again found myself a struggler. During the pleasant season of the year I kept free from annoyances of the old kind, or they were so slight as to be scarcely noticeable, but when winter came and I was obliged to stay on the ward the most of the time I was overtaken by a renewal of the storm. I will not attempt to record the incidents of the three years from 1873 to 1876 in a connected series, but will treat the subject of my relapse in a general way. I had an interval of nearly entire freedom the second summer likewise. The next winter it again came on, and since that has been continuous. There was a great uniformity about it those three years, up to the time of leaving the sixth ward, and a general description will apply to any part of it.

It is impossible for me to describe it without making accusations. I should doubtless be condemned if I omitted to arraign first of all my own intractable and deranged organ of thought. If I could give way to the view contended for by the party of the defendants when confronted with me this would be sufficient, and the decision would be—*no cause for action*. To admit this it would be necessary that there should have been no other actor involved, in any way, mechanically, automatically, or otherwise, and that the whole should have been a matter of my own thoughts and imagination simply. It would be ridiculous in me to give way to this view while retaining the memory of what I have reported, whatever I may concede as to designs and responsibility.

In the second place, I might accuse myself for not meeting beginnings in the right way. A person has the power of controlling his feelings to a great extent by the mode of action to which he commits himself. If a person hears himself maligned or gibed at in a way that threatens to disturb his equipoise and drive him into hard thoughts against the perpetrators, he is answerable for the way he allows himself to be driven by it. By inquiries made in a friendly spirit and the free and open discussion of the points attempted to be used for his troubling, he might rectify his relations with those diverting themselves at his expense so as to deprive their further acts of all power to injure him. It may be set up as the great fact of all that the power possessed by A to injure the feelings of B depends solely on B's opinion of and feelings towards A. According as B thinks of A will A's power be to move B's mind by the action exhibited to him. If B has faith in the understanding between him and A, the latter has no free space for indulging mischievous or malicious designs against B. To fulfill such designs, so far as they relate to B's tranquillity of mind, it would be necessary that there should be suspicions and dread in B's mind, of which the execution of these designs became the fulfillment. In the absence of such a habit of suspicion A might fling envenomed darts, but he would find B's con-

stitution proof against their poison, and no serious inflammation would ensue. In point of fact, my mind had such seeds of dread and suspicion, amounting to a complete absence of confidence, residing in it, the remains of that which I had gone through and concerning which I had arrived at no satisfactory settlement. When this dread and suspicion began to find its renewed fulfillment it is a fact that I did not resort to the means I have assumed above to be the only effectual counteracting remedies. I had an unconquerable aversion to speaking of the disagreeable things I had suffered—in fact, I lacked the courage to look the truth in the face and confess it. My moral weakness was too great at that time, and that might be deemed a sufficient statement—but when we speak of *remedies*, of course we cannot allow that the disease shall be left only to the remedies it itself brings forth, for that would be to exclude all treatment. The trial of the remedies, with faith, might modify even an extreme degree of disease and weakness. New paths might be found by diligent beating of the bush, by which to make an escape from the slough. I did not do these things, because I had no faith in such endeavors. I did what was natural, and suffered the natural consequences.

Let us go on and attend to the next point in the accusation—I mean the action of others resulting in my troubling and deranging. Here I will confess that I am not in a position to decide on the sufficiency of *notices*. If the parties of the second part could come forth and discuss the question with as much glibness before the public as they have done and do while they have my ear, they would save me some trouble and do much toward a just and final settlement of the case. I might quote some of the expressions I have had the benefit of for what they are worth. It has often been said that "When he wills you you have to connect his idea with your will," "When you connect his attention you are crazy till you connect his idea with him," "When he conceives you you can't connect will anywhere but with his idea," "When you have got his attention (the head's attention) you can't know your thought unless you *know* him his idea," "His will connects God," and an infinite amount more to the same purpose (its turbid current has been "the brook in the way" of my soul these past years), the gist of all this strange phraseology being that my organism has the power to affect the wills of others while they are mirrored in my mind, so that they are deprived of their natural responsibility; and it is evident that every new idea and conception, whencesoever drawn, must become a new condition of the will and modify the individual's subsequent acts.

On the other hand, I might quote from the same authorities: "When Pells and Fitchett and some others first began to try to attract his attention they knew nothing but that they wanted to get the head connected," "Before you attract his attention you only know you want to connect will," "You would never get his idea if you didn't try for it," "When they find they are not knowing it on the hall they all begin to make connects for it," and so on, *ad infinitum*.

tum, signifying that the influence represented by the first series of quotations to be almighty is but secondary, after all, and operative only because there is a general covetousness to enjoy its operation.

I will leave the question of inducements and motives aside, and address myself to the facts constituting my allegations. There is one peculiarity about my tribulations during these three years that makes it harder for me to present them effectively than the first part of my troubles. The fact is, that although having a foothold in my brain these things did not occupy the part of my mind under the control of my will, and the incidents succeeded one another so unintermittently and were so much of one tenor, that it stretches back through my memory like one vast unbroken waste of monotonous sterility. When it was not jeering innuendo the staple was cant. It was a constant dropping of things of little account in themselves, but serving by long and incessant repetition to bring on a state of irritation and hopeless discouragement. It might be a little thing to hear the attendants, Pells and Fitchett, throwing out an occasional innuendo which I could not understand otherwise than as a reminder of my old troubles; but when this disposition became chronic with them, and was given its exercise in every way their ingenuity could suggest, it could not fail to have an effect on my spirits. The separate acts collectively constituting the nuisance were of a kind that I would almost consider it as stooping to a like level with those guilty of them to specify. I should consider it despicable in myself to act in like manner, and I neither could nor can quite raise myself above a feeling of indignation in contemplating them. To justify them I suppose I should have to be capable of them myself.

The plain truth seems to me to be that these prime movers had too lively a recollection of my past history and my special points of vulnerability to allow them to refrain from disclosing it in their acts—and the sensible exhibition of their animus towards me could, in my state of moral paralysis, have but one effect. I know those persons would contend that they did nothing against *me*; but I cannot concede this to be the truth, for they could not have acted in ignorance of the individual and member of society named Fowler, at the time they were perpetrating acts having it for their express object to take advantage of a quality which they knew resided nowhere else than in that individual. There is an *identity*; and that identity was as much a necessary truth to them as to me. The necessary recognition of that identity was the bar that cut me off from all escape from the influences exerted. The knowledge that I had been ensnared led to my being ensnared again. If it had not been for that knowledge I might have "reproved in the gate" in a more provoking manner than I did without ever encountering the "laying of snares" in the way I did.

I will take occasion to state here that it was not the fault of the Superintendence that I was left exposed to this danger in the form it took in the hospital, if it was wrong. Dr. Cleaveland gave his consent to my leaving the hospital in the fall of 1874, at a time when

the evil was scarcely apparent, and my friends came with the intention of removing me, but I preferred to stay longer, and my wishes were complied with.

I had thought of relating a few occurrences and circumstances which had an effect in aggravating my state of entanglement solely by presenting *opportunities* to those by whom I was ambuscaded, as did my musical efforts in Hempstead; but I will omit it for the present. If what I have said is nothing to the point, nothing that I could tell would be. The main fact of the history is that I by degrees passed into a state which I believe to be nearer to the ideal of a pandemonium filled with devils than anything ever suffered by man. The story of it will yet be told by others—by those who took the part of evil spirits—or I am the most miraculously deluded creature that creation is equal to producing.

CHAPTER XIV.

I now take up the period commencing with my removal from ward six to ward seven. I will give first part of something I wrote early in January, 1877, preserving it here partly as a memento of that time. I copy from the original in phonetic cipher:—

"It is the common custom to make a kind of summing up at New Year's, and to take a glance back over one's personal fortunes during the year that has flown, and at the same time to cast the horoscope for the year that is coming in. This anniversary of the new year did not pass without my conforming to this very natural usage by making some few reflections on the events that have diversified the chapters of my life's history lying within the bounds of the year that has just left us. I could not refrain from comparing my condition now with that at the beginning of the centennial year. I was on the convalescent ward then, but my sufferings had so nearly reached the limits of endurance that I was anticipating the necessity of a removal to one of the violent wards as one of the most probable of contingencies. 'By and by,' I kept thinking to myself, 'these paroxysms of mental agony that I have to pass through every day or two will come to a culmination, the last straw that breaks the camel's back will be added to my load, and I shall in my frenzy perpetrate some act of violence, and then for the crazy hall and the restraints.' How many times I was on the very verge of losing control of myself, but passed the crisis by without giving way completely to the impulses of despair !

The associations connected with the preparations that were made for celebrating the holidays give me a means of recollecting my experiences at that time. It seemed as if the festal attire of the place and the ceremonies intended to make it a gala occasion to us only served as a setting off to throw my misery into a stronger light. My senses had been perverted and overshadowed so far by disease—or the diabolical influences exerted by my fellow-beings, as it appeared to me—that even the use of my eyes had become almost a torture to me. If I allowed my eyes to rest upon the trim decorations that had been put up in honor of the Christmas festival, instead of taking in the proper effect of the arches and festoons of evergreens and other devices, my distorted fancies found in them a succession of repulsive, even horrifying images. And this infirmity of mine was made the subject of taunts and derisive comments by the troop of fiends incarnate to whose profaning gaze my mind was thrown wide open, with all its thoughts and conceptions.

Well, the crash came, finally, after I had trembled on the brink for some time. I could stand the strain no longer. I dashed my fist

through a window, the doctor was notified, and the order came for my transfer to the back hall. I received the announcement with a feeling of relief. In fact, I had become so hopeless of my prospects on the ward where I was and in the company I was in there, that I had even voluntarily made the request that I might be allowed to try it on another ward. I thought that if I could get on a ward filled with sufferers like myself my persecution might not be carried on with so much effect. (This opinion was not wholly unfounded, as it subsequently proved.) There seemed to be no way to attain my end except by doing some act of violence.

I do not intend to give a complete chronicle of the occurrences of the year. The great difference between the method of my sufferings the past year and the one that preceded it can be summed up in one word: *women*. On the seventh ward I was within earshot of the eighth ward, occupied by female patients, and the women on that ward were not tardy in making efforts to become actors in the mad drama whose scenes were and still are flitting through the chambers of my brain. The introduction of this element brought about a great change in the nature of my sufferings. Before this my trouble had been confined more to ideas, simply. I passed through various agonizing mental postures—my imagination was operated upon by those around me by means of taunts, innuendoes and so on, in such a way as to arrest, interfere with and divert the train of my thoughts, to fill my mind with torturing, dispiriting, horrifying ideas. My condition might have been compared to that of a prisoner continually harassed and persecuted by his enemies, who, nevertheless, confined their efforts to affecting him morally—teasing, irritating, terrifying, when possible, but never subjecting him to physical pain—my situation being the more harrowing in that my enemies commanded the cell peopled by my unspoken thoughts, and I had only a joint occupancy, held at the cost of a never-ceasing struggle. . * * * * * The new effects produced differed from what I had suffered before in being more of a physical character and affecting my whole nervous system instead of my brain simply. Not but what they affected the head also. Often my head felt all afame, and I would get up in the night and pace the room, moaning and writhing in my helpless agony."

Before I went on the seventh hall the relations of women to my retrocerebral affection had been no different from those of my own sex. I think it was the second night after I had changed my quarters to the room next the attendants' room, the nearest patient's bedroom to the eighth hall, that I first felt the difference. I distinctly heard some female on the eighth hall say, in a tone as if trying a dubious experiment: "If you would give your life to know the old boy you couldn't." The impression made on me was a novel one. My mind did not occupy itself with the words, as usual, but with the personality of the speaker. It felt the presence of woman, and involuntarily responded to it. The experimenter was evidently sensible of the effect she had produced, and I could seem to distinguish

something like hesitation and surprise in the manner of her utterances following. By and by she said: "I see how it is—he feels me," showing that her intention had been to connect for an idea, and that she had made an unexpected discovery. My room was near enough to the women's hall for me to even hear considerable of their conversation. I heard the same person who had tried this experiment, who must have been an attendant, telling her room-mate stories about patients. (From the run of what I heard I judged she was not in the habit of rooming with the person she was conversing with.) Some patients would tell her, she said: "I believe this medicine you are giving me is going to cure me." Then she said she would tell them: "You can't get well. You're *crazy*." It appeared that she did not share the opinion of professional alienists concerning the curability of insanity. Those first few nights there was a good deal said about "reading his memory," and I heard one tell another: "You'll never make any kind of a mind-reader; you have got no more will than a child."

I suffered much soon after this that was offensive to me from its impurity rather than its actual painfulness. Then it was found that there could be a compound connection by the male attendants on seven keeping a speech-connection in the brain at the same time the women kept the hold they had gained on the nervous system—both acting in concert and playing into each other's hands. Then it was that the excruciating part began. I shall never forget the lacerating and constricting sensation that took possession of my brain and spine and almost my whole being when, after involuntarily following the efforts made on both sides for a time, I heard the attendant on seven say: "She's got the idea." The refinement of the torture passes all attempts at comparison.

What I endured from my fellow-patients on my own hall was very trifling, and while I could keep free from the new annoyances, which was during part of the day, I rather felicitated myself on the fulfillment of my anticipations spoken of above. However, change of place always has this effect on me, a new set of companions always requiring some length of time to wear back to the old ease and fluency of inter-communication.

There were various circumstances that caused the men attendants on my hall to get very thoroughly mixed up in my mind with the young women on "eight." One evening after going to bed I heard a female voice, which I felt certain, from the sound, came from our hall, give the salutation: "Good evening, boys; how are you getting along this evening?" as if she had just stepped into the hall. One of our attendants immediately rejoined: "He didn't know we had company over here sometimes," which corresponded perfectly with my thought. I had no further evidence of the presence of strangers on the hall. Another night at a later hour I heard a girl's piping voice say: "His diaree is connected. If it hadn't been it would have all run away from him." I heard the night-watchmen coming into the hall just then, and my inference on the instant was that they had

seen her in the act of leaving our hall, and she had given them this salute, which sounds strangely enough, no doubt, to the uninitiated, but it had its familiar associations in my memory. Such were my conjectures. I do not say that my evidence was sufficient. The men attendants talked constantly (in connection) of the girls on eight, and in fact the whole thing was turned into a joint affair.

I have said before that I have at different times been carried away by the impetus of my imagination or influences beyond my control to believe things implicitly for the time being, which I discredited and rejected as soon as my will found space to act with freedom. Such a thing came to pass soon after I went on the seventh ward. I will make another extract from my record of January, 1877:

"I began to have various suspicions aroused that all was not right about their doings. It appeared to me that they were making efforts to give me the impression that it was so. The most distressing thing about it was the feeling that I was being made a sharer in the sinful, licentious deeds of others. It would not pay to narrate with minuteness the steps by which I was brought to this point. It took some time for me to be persuaded that it was really so; but I did finally get so wrought on that I was sure that I heard certain of our attendants on the women's hall, where they had no business to be, talking with the girls there."*

There was one of our attendants who had a very peculiar voice, which it would be hard to mistake any other for, and one night I was certain I heard him on eight, making the customary efforts to "keep the head connected," in concert with one of the attendants there, whose voice I was likewise tolerably sure of. Not only so, but I was led so far as to imagine that I felt in me the effect of immoral acts committed by them. I am certain I did not close my eyes in sleep that whole night. It went no further with me than crawling disgust, however, that first night. The story of the next night I will copy from the source of the two extracts already given:

"After distinctly hearing a short conversation [it was not properly a conversation, as I believe I heard but the one voice—but she called *him* by name] indicating but too plainly what was about to be perpetrated, I was suddenly thrown into a frightful state of nervous agitation. It seemed as if a fierce electric current was running up the whole length of my spinal column, and my poor head felt as if it was spinning round upon the vertebrae of the neck. All this seized me instantaneously, from a state of rest, as I lay, hoping I should be allowed to enjoy some sleep after a whole night of waking and anxiety. I could not keep still. I sprang out of bed, threw up the window (the sweat was breaking out all over me, and my breathing

* I have been cautioned that some might be misled by the too great realism of my allegations. I did not hear them by what I might term *dry* hearing, but only by the kind held in solution in my brain. I make no accusation further than that a *show* was made; and that can have no weight until these things having a relation to me are confessed to be other than imaginary. Further, if real immorality had been going on, this show would have been not only unlikely, but, I think, a more than moral impossibility.

was oppressed from agitation) and going to the door I knocked loudly. The night-watchmen happened to be on the hall, and in a few moments one of them came to the door and opened it. I told him as well as I could what was the matter—that an attendant on ward eight, whom I mentioned by name (I felt certain of the voices) had prostituted herself to an attendant from our ward (whom I also named) the night before, and that the same thing was going on at that very instant; that I was in a state of magnetic communication with their bodies and was suffering agony for their shameless sin. I demanded to see Dr. Cleaveland on the spot. I wanted an examination made. I wanted them to look after the fellow I accused and see if he was not missing from his room. The watchman spoke soothingly to me, said he would tell the women night-watchers and have the offending parties moved back to the other end of the hall. (My room at the time was the nearest one to the eighth hall.) I asked to be allowed to go on the ‘back hall’ to sleep, where I should be further away from the source of annoyance. I could not get the privilege. The watchman said he would get me a dose of soothing medicine, but could not promise to fetch the doctor. While he was gone after the medicine I kept pacing wildly back and forth in my room, invoking the vengeance of Heaven upon those who had so foully abused my ‘sacred mystery.’ [It was the first and only time I really prayed in a long while.] A jeering voice over on hall eight said: ‘He wants to connect doctor.’ A strong anodyne potion was brought and taken. I heard one of the watchmen remark to the other as they went away that it was ‘wicked.’ [There is a passage in Hosea that fits wonderfully, especially in the English translation: ‘The prophet is a fool, the spiritual man is mad, for the multitude of thine iniquity, and the great hatred. The watchman of Ephraim was with my God; but the prophet is a snare of a fowler in all his ways, and hatred in the house of his God. They have deeply corrupted themselves, as in the days of Gibeah,’ etc.] My excitement finally left me and I at last fell asleep. This was not all I suffered that night, but enough. The next morning I taxed the attendant I have referred to, to his face, with his offense against me. He denied it, and said he could not get over on that hall, he had no key. Before another night came I had made arrangements with the doctor to sleep on the sixth hall.”

It is stated above, “that was not all.” In the night I was aroused from my drugged sleep, and heard from the old direction, in an unrecognized voice, but a man’s, “Now, redle te feritati et barbarie”* [I took it at first *redite*, but the accent would not have been on the syllable *red*], and immediately I had another paroxysm of the same strange excitement. I took out my watch and noted the time. It subsided in something near twenty minutes, if I have not forgotten. I would report my other evidences, words heard, etc., but they would mostly produce a silly effect, being catch phrases and cant, principally.

* The vowels were pronounced as in English. It did not sound like *barbariei*.

After these things the different sexes operated in concert with still greater ease, and there was much of what was styled "talking through," two foreign spirits overlooking the arena of my thoughts, and ever and anon making remarks to each other. In order to do this with certainty and permanence it seemed necessary to get themselves associated by some such machinations as I have reported. The occurrence which I reported to Dr. Cleaveland in writing within a month or so of this was a repetition of it. Much of this troubling by the intrusion upon my inner consciousness of uninvited spirits has been of so marvelously telephonic a character that I am undecided whether to attribute to it a foundation of reality or not. The theory that accounts for the first stage speaks as strongly for the absence of subjective deception in all subsequent variations. What was the justification for all those whetted tongues, like swords, and arrows, even bitter words? All was to produce a retrocerebral effect, to give those flinging them greater will-power over the exposed brain, which was already implicated by its consciousness of their presence, and felt by them as impresible. These later things were merely steps forward in the same line of march. The impressions when made yielded power and dominion to those whom the brain remembered to have made them, and the more awfully repulsive the impression, the stronger the hold it gave. I cannot therefore explode these mysterious "talkings through" in the night, between parties widely separated, as incredible, because I have a rational explanation for them, on as good grounds as that of the more indubitably non-delusional parts of my experience.

After the impression made on my nervous system by the opposite sex, the *telephonic* feature of my retromental hearing, or hearing in connection, which I have spoken of, was much increased; and I was to a great extent deprived of the opportunity I had before enjoyed of escaping from my annoyances for a time, by seeking solitude out of earshot of my persecutors. I could have gone out of range by walking far enough, but my usual rambles now lay within the circle commanded by their vocal artillery, and I often suffered miserably at a distance at which I could not have been touched at an earlier stage of the connection. My rest at night was also more broken in upon, as I have already showed. Before going on the seventh hall I had never been obliged to take medicine to induce sleep. Since that I have frequently been driven to resort to it. Still, this disturbance of rest at night had begun to appear before I left the sixth hall, and I suppose I merely passed into the next stage because I was ripe for it.

There was a certain share of the performances involuntarily witnessed by me on the stage spread beneath the windows of my ears that had not so aggressive a direction. There was a complete little drama got up for my amusement expressly. I might find it hard to get any one to take the responsibility for the invention of its plot. Wherever it came from, I do not think anybody has a copyright to prevent me from reproducing it from memory; but as it would in-

volve too many personal items and jeopardize privacies too much, I prefer to omit it. The drama spoken of had its denouement in my flight from the asylum on the 26th of June, 1876, the precise reason for which act I must also suppress.

On my way to Milton Ferry station, where I took the train, I had one of the most remarkable of all my illusions. I had gone back a little way from the road and seated myself by some shaded rocks to rest a little while during the heat of noon-day. I did not know where the road would take me, but as it ran towards the river I was certain I could find a station. There was a patch of potatoes just below the rocks where I was. While I sat there I all at once heard the familiar sound made by a hoe-blade in cutting through the soft soil and rattling against gravel and small stones. Thought I, "Some one has come to work hoeing potatoes in this patch here." Directly after, the sound of hoeing ceased, and I heard said in the voice and manner of a grave man of somewhat advanced age: "Every time he thinks a hoe he knows a young woman."

I went to my mother's in Hempstead and met with no objections to my staying. Although the result of my trial of life in the outer world was not in every way disheartening, and I cannot say that I have ever felt sorry for my act, I found that the annoyances accumulated too much to admit of its permanence. I returned to the asylum after a summer vacation of four weeks.

After my return I went on the convalescent ward; but found that the old devils still infested the spot, and so removed to the seventh with the doctor's permission after a trial of two weeks. On the seventh hall I found much the old state of things, which underwent some variations as time passed on. I had come to believe that the co-operation of woman was necessary, for me to have the use of my head, and it truly appears to be the fact. I suffered miserably at times from this cause; but it was not as utterly impossible a condition to exist in as the windmill-like coursing and whirling of my thoughts on the track of others' voices, from which it gave me a refuge. Although my brain was tortured it remained *my* brain, and did not find the life it responded to and acted with entirely in beings external to it.

There was a new modification that arose in the latter part of the summer that gave me infinite annoyance and discomfort. One of the seventh hall attendants found his way by constant trying to a new mode of connection, which he prosecuted without limit. The whole while he was within ear-range on the hall he would be saying, Eh? What? and barking out other such meaningless ejaculations, and my miserable brain felt the touch of every sound. My torments were truly excruciating.

In the fall I made an arrangement with some old acquaintances on Long Island to board with them, and went there the beginning of October and stayed two months. I found a relief for a time; but as before, my old cloud of misery settled back after a little, and I found it necessary to give it up.

From the time of my return to August, 1877, I lived on the seventh hall, and suffered hell torments, which is about all that can be said. My correspondence with my friends seemed to give me almost my only independent use of my thinking powers. At the date mentioned a change took place in the distribution of patients on the wards by a new ward being occupied, and I removed to six, where I came in contact with a new set of attendants and a quiet class of patients. This had a great influence on my sufferings, as I shed some of the worst nuisances with the presence of their origin. There was not the same co-operation of the sexes thereafter, but my trouble from the women's hall (tenth, and afterwards second) remained unmitigated. At the end of four months I removed to the new convalescent ward (fifth).

About this time, or soon after, my relations to religion began to become an element in my struggle. I had recognized myself in the Psalms in many places long before, but I could follow the identity no further than the persecutions recorded there. I now began to see the world of the present as believers in a falsified gospel, Gentiles or pagans, in fact, and this faith gave me a strength in my warfare that I had not possessed before. I was drawn into a discussion on religion with one of my correspondents, which led to a more exact development of this opinion. There were some coincidences that strengthened me still further. One evening I had been pestered by some mysterious female, and had received very strong support from reading some applicable passages in the Scriptures. Just after I had become sensible of certain efforts by my persecutor, who seemed to be on the upper hall, I struck upon this passage:

"Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy: when I fall I shall arise; when I sit in darkness the Lord shall be a light unto me."

I will bear the indignation of the Lord, because I have sinned against Him, until He plead my cause and execute judgment for me: He will bring me forth to the light, and I shall behold His righteousness.

Then she that is mine enemy shall see it, and shame shall cover her which said unto me, Where is the Lord thy God? Mine eyes shall behold her: now shall she be trodden down as the mire of the streets."—Micah, vii, 8-10.

What they were in the habit of saying in my ears was not so often "Where is," etc., as "He ain't got no God," which phrase was made a nuisance to me more by the obstinacy with which it was held before me than by any offense from the sense of it. After I went to bed that night I heard a mysterious whispering voice at my ear saying, "Don't you forget to-day, don't you forget to-day." It was February 8th, 1878.

Along in the summer of 1878 certain of the attendants on ward five became troublesome to me, and I had a few open altercations with them, or something similar. The beginning of August the attendant who had been my greatest nuisance on seven was transferred to five, and I found that he brought his power of annoying with him undi-

minished. I happened to be doing a little job of copying for Dr. Kellogg at the time, and I determined to make a complaint in as intelligible a form as I could. I wrote out the New Year's adventure contained in the introduction, with another passage from the same file of till then unused cipher dispatches, and after adding a statement of the new trouble and a request that I might be allowed to escape from it, gave it to the Doctor, with the title of "The Lying Deceitfulness of Anti-Lunacy." (Published with Dr. Kellogg's paper in the Bulletin of the Medico-Legal Society for February.) I was allowed to remove to the sixth ward.

Soon after I began writing this account of my life and sufferings. I have already given my opinion of the effect of sending out the little precursor, in freeing my will and opening the door to this enterprise.

The room I have occupied while writing and preparing this book is the same I took when I first entered the asylum. I have been reminded of one of their habitual phrases at that time: "He's Paul and this is his Patmos." I always felt a disposition to correct them and substitute John for Paul, but it was one of the principles laid down by the "English physician" at the beginning of the experiment, that they should try to differ from *him* as much as possible. Correct or not, perhaps it was a prophecy.

CHAPTER XV.

The outline is given. To fill it in, the world would not contain the books that would be written.

I have a few words to say about the way I have to deal with the other parties to this controversy. It is nothing in the least wonderful that I should not be able to get their testimony in confirmation of the reality of the things I suffer. What is it that I assert, on the strength of my memory's record and the consistent evidence of my senses? Nothing else, forsooth, but that the sentient structure of my body has been employed as an organ by others. Now what does that imply? Not that they in thus employing it obtained thoughts about the person whom, being perceived by their senses, they knew as me. All the ideas that they can obtain by the dominion of their will over any organism must belong to their own souls, and must necessarily be remembered by them as their own—as *inward*. They could not think of part of their own thoughts as something perceived of another individual. As well conceive of a pain in my arm as the sensation of the contact of an arm outside of me. Their use of these things does not depend on their inclination. They cannot do otherwise than they do without falsifying the evidence of their memory. No more can I agree to the theory of delusion, for just the same reason.

On the first day of April I interviewed Drs. Cleaveland and Kellogg, and brought to their notice certain little incidents, intending it as a test whether the making of as many concessions as I have in these pages (which I had submitted to them) had given me a title to any concessions in return. They were unable to speak to me otherwise than as they and everybody always have; that is, to deny all knowledge of those things and to throw doubt on my evidence. I will repeat some of the items which I presented to Dr. Cleaveland's notice, as specimens of thousands of like things which count, every one of them, as so many serried bayonets driving me back from what I would gladly choose if it were open to me—that is, agreement with my neighbors, and union with them in a reasonable harmony of expressions on the truth of facts.

I endeavored to call Dr. Cleaveland himself to witness of one of the incidents. On the evening of a certain concert held in the sixth ward of the asylum by parties from Poughkeepsie, I had not been present with the audience during the concert, but passed through the hall after it was over to go to my room. The singers had not yet left the hall, and as I came through I was saluted with the words: "Here comes the fool." That I was the person intended there could be no doubt. I wished to hear of Dr. Cleaveland what construction he would put on those words. The force they had to me I need not enlarge

on to one who has read my story. Dr. Cleaveland did not seem to be willing to confess to the remembrance of any such incident. The denial is as easy as the divesting of significance is difficult.

I also mentioned other cases in which I had met with similar experiences where there certainly was no room for illusion. Once, when on my way home at the time I left the asylum without permission, a newsboy on the platform of a horse-car in which I sat next the door had made use of the expression, "I know who that is, that's the great old boy." I have confessed to illusions on that trip, but that was certainly no illusion. Knowing it to have been a reality, how can I have a rational thought of it except I join it with those things that he could not know if they were illusions? So of hundreds of other incidents. Once in the Grand Central Depot a gentleman had left the line of people going up for tickets and on returning tried to get his old place in the line. He was told that he would have to go on at the end and wait his turn, and as he desisted from his arguments and turned about he said: "Well, I suppose I must *connect* patience." His use of the word *connect* was intelligible to me on the ground of my illusions. Off of it I should have found it inexplicable. After seven years of such nailing and riveting and bracing it is hard to get my image down from its pedestal and brush it away as a thing of naught.

I have thought of another demonstration of the method of what I have been treating on that may be plainer than any given in Chapter VI. It might be called an *optical* demonstration. It is my opinion that the true theory of these things would be brought out by others in time even if I held my peace, but I cannot be sure. I do not know how far the knowledge they have obtained, or may, by their transient baptism from the involving of a foreign organism, is to be trusted. Certainly no one has as yet given any open evidence of having a true idea of the thing.

In the first place, what are causes? As I see it, we take our idea of causes from what we have learned about the processes of time. A separable condition always seen to go before a certain change we look on as its cause. There is nothing that counts for a cause except as we have come to see it as part of a change or process. A process entirely new to us can have no causes to us, because there are no conditions which we have learned as being uniformly followed by it.

The demonstration I employ is not a flattering one for the perfection of my mental action, but that I could not claim and at the same time own to the things I try to prove. I am willing to sacrifice anything for truth. Let us understand things if there is a road to an understanding. I seem to need nothing more than the little diagram — which I take from a knob of my bureau and the crack above it, to explain the whole. It is not the first time I speak of this defect. In looking at that diagram there arises an image in my mind of something that I do not observe there and which is yet exactly determined by the lines. The crack gives me the expression of eyes and the knob suggests a nose. Let any variation be made in these lines and

a change in the expression takes place. I feel at the time I see this phantom expression that I do not see it where I see the lines, but merely have it present here in my brain. If I had will over my whole mind it would not take place. Now let us suppose that variations were made in those lines by the action of a conscious will and that the changes in the expression were known where the will was and guided by that will—now if my mind remained open to those changes of expression and was moved by them simultaneously, would that will become the employer of my otherwise unwilling mind, or would it not? If it moved mind would it not think? Would it not think *where* it moved mind? Is not that exactly the way our conscious selves are mirrored in our own minds? Do we not use our minds by the same means? There are difficulties about the fulfillment of these *optical* conditions, because a person is not fully conscious of his looks and expression, and does not change them with full knowledge of what he is effecting; besides the sight is too easily averted. But my mind is the same as it joins my ear that it is as it joins my eye. When people speak they know the expression of their vocal efforts as part of their sensible selves for the time being. Here, therefore, is where the fulfillment becomes possible.

I think that the mirroring in the unwilling mind of what the speaker knows as the effect of his will is sufficient to join him with a thought in that mind. If that is not enough, then the phantom image of him conceived there (not *observed*) as making efforts relating to the memories of that mind brings us a step further. If that is not yet enough, then his mirrored actions being joined with the emotions of that mind until it feels more of his sensible expression than of its own individual existence, and an assimilation to the form of his sensible action by this condition being prolonged for some time, is another step. All this was fulfilled in my case, if my memory is true. I do not believe we need go beyond the first position for sufficient of cause. The next two were due to the exercise of what was presented by the condition first stated.

Whatever we have learned we can affect by our conscious acts becomes a field for the exercise of our wills. The only way we can use our wills is by our memory of things we have done. It was so with "connecting the fool." After it was once struck the vein was worked through all these successive years, as I have recorded. It is so with every course we fall into, good or bad. It was so with me when I fell into the habits of hostility in sentiment which I have touched on in these pages. It was by the same process that I was led to the writing of this book. I learned to know a desirable effect from the diffusion of light in this way and have clung to the purpose as my only hope of escaping endless war. May the little rill sent out with Dr. Kellogg's co-operation become a torrent that will sweep away the whole dam.

Anything in this book to the contrary notwithstanding, I do not wish to be understood as pretending that effects have been produced otherwise than by sensible expressions. I believe that my mind has been moved by what others have showed of themselves. That their

thoughts or feelings have been transfused otherwise than by their sensible expression cannot be proved and is contrary to my theory.

I might make some observations on the treatment I lay claim to on my understanding of the case. I will go so far as to say that every change I have been able to make has had a corresponding effect, telling on the case invariably just in proportion to the modification or removal of what I see to be the real agencies. It is nothing against my view of the case that I was not able to escape all evils by living out of the asylum. The treatment I would approve has never had a trial. The treatment actually applied has been as if you were to try to heal a sore by scraping it well every now and then with some sharp jagged instrument, or as if, having found the sore covered with flies, you should manage the case entirely with reference to the accommodation and fattening of them and their kind. Such doctoring might be worthy of a devotee of Baal-zebub. But I do not complain, for I see where the impossibility lies. Though this be an effect it is not by design.

Ought I not to have misgivings whether I am not risking too much by speaking as openly as I have about unflattering things concerning myself? There has been so much of absolute denial of everything I remember as myself, that I have no fears that I shall meet with a worse fate from being known in any light whatever. My strongest wishes are for an investigation into what has been the truth of things. Let a public discussion of my evidence take place. There is certainly something in all this that is worth examining into. I have faith in the system of "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon." I have none in the plan of penning up people and calling on them to give an account of themselves. They will fly the point and deny everything out of expediency.

The system that has been followed in making answer to my representations will not work. The chronicle of crime and all manner of transgressions that I find in the news columns of the journals of the day, and the animus of the personal items in other columns, are proof enough to me that the world I have lived in has evil elsewhere than in crazy men's heads and false memories.

I have mixed in some ideas on religion, but I believe I have no mind to go much further. If it had not been for the religious bracing I do not suppose this book could have been written. My sentiments are easily seen. I naturally feel that all those marvelous stories told to the glory of God are really, when all their logical connections are seen, to the contrary. They produce on me the same effect that the attributing of some of the stories of the poets about Jupiter's foibles and bad morals would. If any one else attaches a different weight to them I will not quarrel with him. I cannot go with him, because I must find my salvation in working with the cause that is to be crowned as holy. Time will surely bring in the change. If the world waited a million years it could reach no other final goal.

My method is so matter-of-fact that I do not know that it will look

in place if I go the length of alluding to hopes pertaining to another world. I cannot expect my earthly pilgrimage to be greatly prolonged and I ought to give some thought to the beyond. After yielding to mortality and the necessities of material (that is, permanently conditioned) existence all that it can claim of consistent thought, it would certainly be wrong if we made our mortality a consecrated image and paid it a spiritual service of hopelessness. In devotion to the cause of truth and righteousness and the ways of peace, and in reliance on the faithful judgments of God, we have hope that is not limited by temporal bounds.

I fear that the full weight of damnation resting on pertinacious dissent from doctrines grounded on necessarily truthful thought is not sufficiently estimated. The proclivities of dissent will carry us further apart than we dream possible. Was it the peculiar institution of the Mormons that cut us off from them, or did they grasp at that as a visible token of separation, in their instinctive prosecution of a rooted determination to differ? Is not the same force shaping the course of the "free religionists" relating to morals? Let us look at this and see if there are not sacrifices to be made to check the splitting.

I will give here at the end what I call the Three Natural Commandments to man. They seem to me to formulate the voice of a power that can never be dissociated from existence—material, animal and reasonable. I think if the lesson of the second natural commandment were taught by our missionaries it would be no more than honest, and the outer heathen, whether Zulus, South Sea Islanders or Chinese, would not have so clear a case of deceit against us when they found their claims (rightful as to the letter) and themselves overborne and made naught of.



THREE COMMANDMENTS TO MAN.

I. Thou shalt remember that thou art dust. Thou shalt not repine because of thy fate, when thou or thy brethren suffer from the elements, by the power of fire, or of air, or of water. I have created these things with natures that alter not, that thou mightest have a sure foundation for thy knowledge, and that thy truth might be one truth, to-day and to-morrow. Thou shalt make no lying record attributing change where there is no change, or making the will of any creature formed of dust to have dominion over the elements. Thou shalt shelter thyself against them, and turn them to thy uses, and shape and mould them according to thy will when thy ingenuity shall find out means—thou shalt have dominion over the members of thy living body, and thou shalt hold in thy mind no image of man commanding the elements. To my commands is subject the universe, and my commands are one, and alter not.

II. Ye shall rule over the beasts of the field by your strength and your wisdom. Ye shall be strong in soul and of a good courage, lest I make you a people despised in the eyes of your neighbors, and raise up avengers against you, because ye have become weak and have not upheld the virtue of your souls. Ye shall not lower yourselves to take to yourselves the habits of barbarians or the degraded of earth, lest ye be found wanting in the day of trial. Ye shall reform them—ye shall mete them with the measure of the virtue I have given you, ye shall not yield to their abominations. Ye shall make no lying record of slaughter done at my command. My commands are one, and I will hold him that executeth the violent decrees of his soul to a strict account—he shall verily be measured by the rod of my law.

III. Thou shalt remember that man is thy brother, and thou shalt deal justly with him. Thou shalt make no lying record of things that are not according to my one law, thou shalt not perversely exact thy brother's belief in them. Thou shalt found thy salvation on naught but a belief in my law that changeth not, and thy conformity thereto. Thou shalt not be disturbed in mind by thy weak brother's exactions that are not after my law. Thou shalt deal amicably with him and admonish him, that he may see the error of his ways, and be turned. Thou shalt bear in mind the examples of my unchanging judgment, thou shalt make a true record of them for a shining light for all time. Thou shalt be warned and instructed by them that thou sin not. Thou shalt remember that to him that trusteth in me and obeyeth my commandments, I give that which perisheth not, neither is bound by the bonds of the flesh, but hath power in my hand forever.



A POSTSCRIPT.

While out of the asylum on a furlough of ten days, for the purpose of making an arrangement for getting my book printed, I spent my spare time at my mother's in Clinton Street, Hempstead, where such marvelous things happened to me seven years ago. One afternoon—if I mistake not, it was the day I had received the first installment of proofs, and revised and re-posted them—I thought I would look into the Apocrypha, as I had not had access to a Bible containing them for a long time. I took one of the large family Bibles, and seated myself on the sofa now occupying the side of the room where my memory locates the bureau on which the Bible lay at the time I opened it as reported in Chap. VIII. (Mother does not remember that there was a bureau there, but is not sure but that there may have been.) The place at which the book opened was the nineteenth chapter of Jeremiah, and my eye rested on the verse:

"Therefore, behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that this place shall no more be called Tophet, nor The valley of the son of Hinnom, but The valley of slaughter."

Perhaps this is a hint that my whole duty is not yet done.

I am well aware that this book is not such a one as I would have written if I had had a more perfect use of my faculties, with the same memory of facts. There is a great deal of heterodoxy in it which might have been left aside, and the subject might have been presented in a more purely physiological, psychological and moral point of view. That manner of presentation I must leave to others who shall in time to come use these materials, with such others as can be obtained. I would have those who find distasteful any of the doctrines herein contained to look at the particular conditions under which they were developed, and see whether any others could be reached *under those circumstances*. It must be remembered that this book is the product of the struggle of a soul to hold its own within a mind partly alienated to the dominion of other wills. A soul having the freedom of will given by undisputed empire within the bounds of a single mind could hardly have reached the same positions. The points laid down here are not such as could be embraced by one who had an allegiance to give, but such as it has been possible to contend for against antagonists seen to have all the premises and deductions as fully in view as the reasoner, and able to unsettle anything that deviated a hair's breadth from perfect sincerity. They are at least worth something as a landmark in the domain of reason. The religions of the world are established among men. I doubt if a form of religion much different from this could be established within a mind invaded by foreign spirits.

[In the matter of cause and effect, it is not best to be too positive which way the rule works. It might be as true to say that the particular traits of mind moving to such reasonings were conditions exposing to the state of infestation spoken of. The most accurate way might be to conceive of all as *effect*.]

I spoke, at the end of Chapter VIII., of certain speeches coming to me from empty space, to which I was inclined to ascribe a certain share of supernatural importance. There can be no harm, at any rate, in being instructed by suggestions received in that way. While alone in the woods, since returning to the asylum, I seemed to hear the words from above, "He will do well until his *seal* is connected where his will is not known." Can this be a warning that others may find a pretext for tumultuous proceedings on the strength of the sign given by the apparent coincidence of the events of my history with the voice of prophecy? I do not know what echo my voice is going to have, but for my own part I am no believer in explosive pentecosts. There has been a necessity imposed on me, and I have endeavored to discharge the debt. The propagation of spiritual truth is, no doubt, provided for with as unfailing certainty as the perpetuation of all else that deserves to exist. An existing attachment for things as sacred is not to be trifled with. If ill founded, it must be left to be modified by the gentle agencies of time.

E R R A T A .

The following changes would have been made in the text if it had been possible to give notice before the electrotype plates had been made:

P. 18, 11th line from bottom, for *languid, nervous development* read *languid nervous development*.

P. 21, top line, for *without ever* read *without my ever*.

P. 35, 13th line from top, for *paradisaical* read *paradisiacal*.

P. 51, 13th line from top, for *memoirs* read *memories*. .

P. 106, 14th line from top, for *I do not know* read *I did not know*.

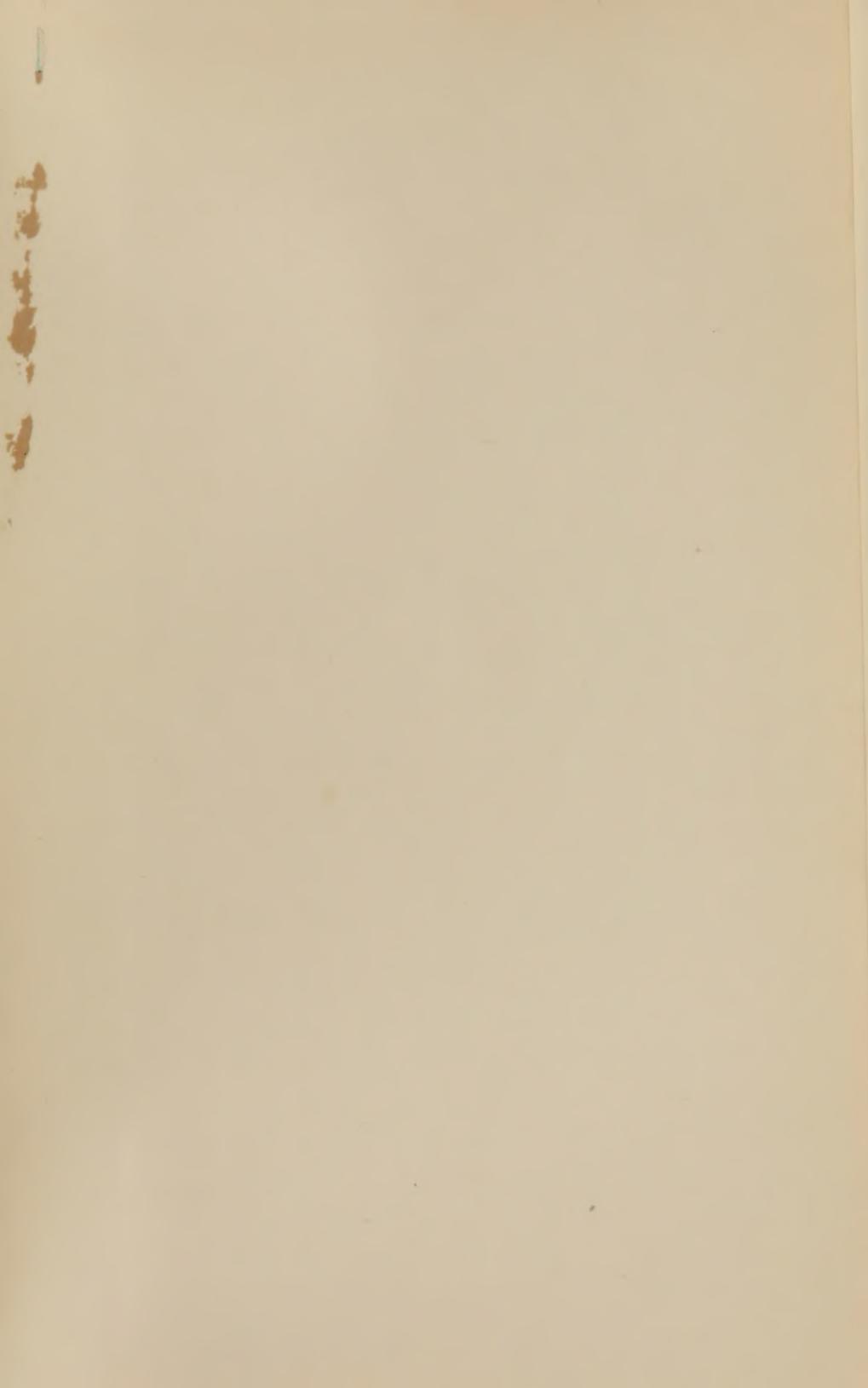
P. 115, 17th line from top, for *the attendants, Pells and Fitchett, throwing* read *attendants Pells and Fitchett throwing*.

Pp. 20, 60 and 108, for *maneuver* spell *manceuvre*.

Specimen of Phonetic Cipher.

See Introduction and Chapter XIV.

"See dot, fahd, fo'zot, hund u' godus, A'go.
Q'g u' ab'g u' fahd, xQ'ahd u' o'gq u' bog; bo'
fahd u' u' god u' fahd, fo'zot hund u' galp, v'ot'g'ns
du' h'z' fahd.
f'Q' d'v'g'z' o' h'g'g'f, fo'zot h'nd u' d'v'g'z'
bo' d'v'g'f, d'v'g'f v'g'g'g'g'g, fo'zot h'nd u' d'v'g'z'
v'g'g'f, d'v'g'f u' Q'nd."



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